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The Riddle for the Germans

Slowly, but also remorselessly, Allied armies on the Western Front have ground through elaborate German defensive positions. In some cases they have penetrated only outpost lines. This is true principally in the south, where the American Seventh and French First Armies have gained mileage out of proportion to their strength. Since the Germans are not yet, unfortunately, entirely deprived of reserves, their yielding in the area from Metz to the Swiss border can only mean that they place a lower valuation on the annexed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which lie west of the Rhine, than upon their own historic territory. Elsewhere, the Allied armies have advanced into the Siegfried Line itself, and here the progress has been slower; the resistance has been on the same order as that at Aachen. The Germans have been unwilling to yield a foot of ground in the Saar and Roer areas, not only because this region is historically theirs, but because it serves as a buffer for the sensitive industrial establishments of the Ruhr and the complex of communication lines radiating from Cologne and Duisburg.

With the whole front in motion, the Germans have been compelled to consider which sector presented the main threat—which was the one where the Allies were seeking to effect a major break-through. Field Marshal von Rundstedt and his able Chief of Staff, General Westphal, have shown extraordinary skill in facing this problem. While they had to try to outguess their opponents, they did not make the mistake of assuming that they had to make a guess and then stick to it.

Skillful Handling of Reserves

If they had done this, they would have been obliged to rush reinforcements to that part of the line which they had chosen as the Allies' main target. Actually, they have used their reserves sparingly, and somewhat impartially along the more northerly sectors of the front (from the Saar to the Maas). They have resisted the temptation to throw reserves into the Alsatian sector, which they were prepared to yield under moderate pressure; indeed, there is evidence that far from throwing in reserves, they had been withdrawing combat troops before the swift French-American advance in this area.

However, the front is so long that the admittedly limited German reserves must be used with great skill and selectivity as between the several northern sectors. To avoid any possibility of making a mistake, the cautious von Rundstedt (now freed, it would seem, of interference from the intuitive Hitler) has simply refrained from making commitments. He has avoided, in other words, the strategic trap prepared for him by the nature of the Allied Supreme Command's offensive.

The Trap for War Commentators

Allied newspapermen and German commentators have fallen into the trap in fair numbers. In the case

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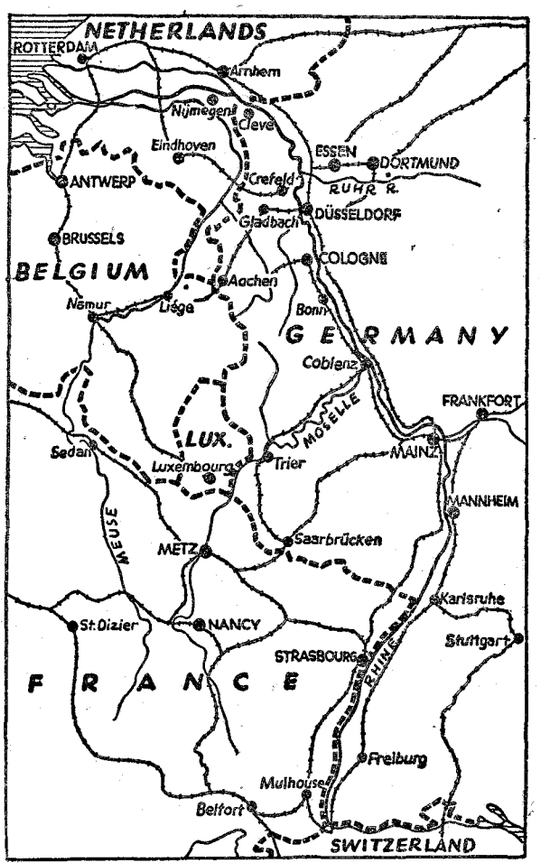
of the latter, it may be part of a skillful propaganda design, but that is certainly not the case with Allied newspapermen. Fascinated by memories of the rapid advance by some armies after the break-through in France, they have been trying to foreshadow a similar break-through at the borders of the Reich, and to pick the place where it would occur. They would have done their readers a greater service if they had recognized clearly, and had emphasized, the possibility that General Eisenhower is not seeking a break-through in that sense. It would avail him little to occupy German territory, after a quick break-through, and to leave behind him a powerful German army. There is not the same advantage to be derived from the speedy occupation of enemy territory as there was from the speedy liberation of French soil. It is still true, no matter how bromidic it may be, that the only real goal of the armies now is the destruction of the German armed force. Occupation then will follow automatically.



Upper and Nether Grindstones

The Allied armies under General Eisenhower have advanced methodically along virtually the whole front, but the gains in the south are of less strategic importance than those in the north. To the east of the upper Rhine (behind Freiburg) lies the Black Forest—a formidable barrier in itself, even if the Siegfried Line positions protecting its approaches were breached. Through the Saar, however, access could be gained to the industrial complex of Mainz-Mannheim-Frankfort; farther north, to Cologne and the vital industrial Ruhr-Rhine complex.

The Facts About the Shell Shortage

There can be no doubt that General Eisenhower is fully justified in his appeals for a higher rate of ammunition supply. His armies may be compelled to halt soon for shortage of shells unless the unexpectedly rapid rate of consumption is made up, and quickly. But there are fine and important distinctions to be observed in assigning the causes for the urgency of this situation. A hasty reading of the daily press would give the impression that the soldiers at the front were being imperiled by the dilatoriness of their fathers and uncles, brothers and cousins, sisters and sweethearts on the home front. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

As War Secretary Stimson made clear, in an admirably lucid statement of the problem which received too little attention, the armies were halted at the gates of Germany because they had outrun their supplies. There were plenty of shells reaching the beaches of Normandy; the trouble was that they could not be moved by road and rail to the front. There were plenty more in Britain; the trouble was that they could not be unloaded in France with the limited facilities then available, and moved from the coast to the front. There were plenty on the high seas. But when the build-up was completed, and the bulk of these supplies had been moved to the front, through Cherbourg, Le Havre, Rouen and emergency ports, and finally through Antwerp—then, and not until then, did the tightness appear. And that was the result of two factors: the low estimates by General Eisenhower's own officers of what they would need, and the promptness with which shell production in this country was cut back to the High Command's estimates. It is important that the record on this matter be kept straight.

What the Russians Are Doing

Much attention has been given to the comparative lull on all fronts (except the Hungarian) on which the Red Army is engaged. The New York Times has conducted a decorous debate with itself, using its military editor and managing editor as protagonists, the former rebuking the Russians, the latter defending them. No doubt the Russian autumn offensive through the Balkan states was motivated as much by politico-military as by purely military considerations; that does not detract from it, provided only that the advantage thus gained by the Russians be not misused. And so far there is no evidence of any intention to misuse it. While it is true that the same expenditure of effort on the central sectors of the front might have produced an advance into East Prussia and western Poland, it must be admitted that such an ambitious venture is more likely to succeed when the ground is hard, in midsummer or in midwinter, than in the muddy seasons.

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By the time these lines are printed, the ground will be hardening along most of the front in Poland, creating the conditions in which the Russians may be expected to launch another great offensive. Just as it was unseemly for the Russians to prod the Western Allies so savagely, from 1941 to early 1944, for a "second front" which would have been disastrously premature, so it is unseemly for any among the Western Allies today to expect the Russians to launch an offensive until it can be carried through to its conclusion with every hope of success. The Russians would be doing their allies, as well as themselves, a disservice if they struck prematurely.

The Aviation Agreement with Franco

The more one considers the new aviation agreement between the United States and Franco's Spain, the worse it looks. In the first place, it is certainly intended as blackmail against the British government, now deadlocked with ourselves in the aviation conference at Chicago. While on the whole we prefer the Canadian-American position to the British, the latter is not so bad that it should be attacked by such dangerous strong-arm methods as this. In the second place, this agreement has heavy and undesirable political repercussions. It will serve to bolster Franco at the very moment when his regime is tottering. Even the British, and the Vatican, were about ready to let Franco go when we took this new action. It will seem a blow in the face to our Russian allies, who say that Franco is the loyal ally of Hitler, and charge that his aid to Germany has increased 30 percent in the past year, despite pledges to the Allies to the contrary. There was no need to hurry with this agreement with Spain. Our air routes already bypass that country. There is good reason to fear that we rushed into the agreement for the precise reason that Britain and the Vatican were cooling toward Franco. Congress should investigate, and President Roosevelt ought to cancel, this disgraceful diplomatic move. We ought to give Franco the air, instead of sharing it with him.

Anglo-American Disharmony

Uncle Sam and John Bull are getting in each other's hair again. The aviation conference in Chicago is deadlocked between these two countries, chiefly because the British insist on compelling Americans, in the postwar world, to ride in British planes whether they want to or not, in order to divide the traffic equally between the two countries. In Washington, several Senators have announced that the proposed oil agreement is dead. Private American oil interests have managed to tighten the screws on the Senate and to persuade its members that we ought to use up American oil as fast as possible, without importing any, thus putting ourselves eventually at the mercy of other powers who will still be oil-rich when we are oil-poor. The new Lend-Lease plan, which is designed to let Britain get back on her feet after the war just as fast as we do, is being handled gingerly for fear intransigent American nationalists in Congress shall insist that we don't ever want Great Britain to be prosperous again.

We of course regret these evidences of international lack of harmony, and hope that all of them will be ironed out. At the same time, it is well to remember that they are signs the war is going well, and not the contrary. If we didn't all believe we were moving toward victory, we shouldn't feel we could afford the luxury of being so disagreeable to one another.

Russia and France

Everyone takes it for granted that General de Gaulle's purpose in visiting Moscow is to make an alliance between France and the Soviet Union. We see no reason why this should not be done. Nothing could be more dangerous than for Europe to be divided into two hostile blocs, one clustered around Russia and the other around Great Britain. Germany would be sure to use such a situation for her own advantage and try thus to come back and start the third world war. There is no reason why France, Great Britain and Russia should not have a system of mutual alliances, and no reason why this is necessarily incompatible with Dumbarton Oaks. It all depends on the spirit which lies behind it. The greatest danger to be found in any of these three powers at the present time, in our judgment, is the implacable toryism displayed by the British government in seeking to support a rightist minority against a leftist majority in every one of the liberated countries of Europe.

Public-Works Planning

President Roosevelt has asked Congress to approve a request for $75 million to pay for blueprinting public-works projects for states, counties and local communities after the war. This is a necessary first step in national preparations to meet possible wide-scale unemployment when war production stops. It is hoped that there will be speedy approval of this comparatively small request so that we shall be prepared with a first backlog of work when and if the need arises.

In making this basic request, the President did not spell out further details of postwar government employment policy. But Washington planners are unanimous in recommending that the old-fashioned WPA principle be ruled out at the start. Subsistence wages and "means tests" will certainly be replaced by a prevailing-wage system in any new public-works program.

It is important that the Congress approve this first step toward preparedness for reconversion without delay, so that the more difficult and detailed phases of the planning can begin.

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Good Sense by Mr. Wilson

At the time of the First World War, most of the increase in prices took place after the Armistice, not before it. This increase led to the depression in 1920, when $15 billion was cut off the national income, payrolls went down 44 percent and there were 100,000 bankruptcies. It is important that we should not let this happen again. In this connection there is economic statesmanship in the announcement by C. E. Wilson, president of General Electric, that when this firm goes back to civilian production, its goods will sell at prewar prices. Other manufacturers of comparable goods have been talking about increases of from 10 to 35 percent.

Mr. Wilson recently called off a conference on postwar plans at the request of the government, because of its bad psychological effect. He let it be known, however, that General Electric proposes to keep wages at their present high level and to plan for maximum production. If private enterprise can ever be made to work at all, it will in large part be through plans of this character.

Beveridge Plan No. 2

When Sir William Beveridge came out with his plan for enlarged social security, he said that no such plan could be a substitute for measures to produce full employment. He now has issued in Britain a book embodying his ideas on this subject (to be published by Norton in the United States in February). It is simply an extension of the policy already endorsed in general terms by the Woolton White Paper—that the government shall guarantee a high level of employment by spending and investing enough to assure it, in so far as private enterprise does not do so.

But Beveridge Plan No. 2 is far more specific than is the government concerning the means by which this is to be done. He would not wait to see what private enterprise would accomplish, but would make up in advance a budget for the national economy, in which spending from all sources would be estimated, and government spending stepped up enough to employ any left in the lurch by private spending. This he calls "the socialization of demand." Of course it does not imply government ownership or control of all business; what it does imply is that business will be assured of markets for all it can produce with all the labor power available.

Racism in the Hood River Valley

Nominated as the most un-American action of the week: the deed of the Hood River, Oregon, Post of the American Legion, which has just erased from its county war memorial the names of sixteen local Americans of Japanese ancestry, now serving in the United States Army.

The Test of Stettinius

THE STATE DEPARTMENT is about to undergo its first major reorganization in twelve years. Even before his confirmation had become final, Edward R. Stettinius, the new Secretary, was discussing plans for extensive shifts in the administration of our foreign affairs. The talks which have been held on the matter have centered around Harry Hopkins, who first brought Stettinius into the Administration circle as a member of the now famous business advisory council established during his term as Secretary of Commerce. Representatives of the numerous agencies which Jesse Jones heads and Judge Samuel Rosenman, presidential assistant, have also figured prominently in the planning sessions.

The results of all this talk are reported to be plans to put the control of our foreign economic and political affairs into dangerous hands. Washington reports predict the early appointment of two new top assistants to the Secretary, to have charge of political and economic affairs respectively. Joseph Grew, our former Ambassador to Japan, who sent appeasement-minded reports home for ten years prior to this war, and who still seems to live more in the world of 1910-15 than in that of today, is spoken of as the man slated for the political post. Will Clayton, Texas cotton broker and No. 1 factor in the world cotton market, a man whose name is hated by the little men wherever cotton is grown, is slated to direct all our foreign economic affairs. Will Clayton's record by now is well known to the readers of The New Republic. His record was so bad an example of bias in favor of monopoly-minded big business that the Senate forced the President to withdraw him as director of surplus-property disposal.

Behind the move to appoint Clayton as foreign economic chief is a powerful realignment of financial forces. It is now fairly evident to most of Washington that Jesse Jones will be retired. Jones himself, realizing what is coming, is therefore trying to find ways of retaining the great control he has held over our financial affairs since the days of Hoover. Present reports indicate that the way he has chosen is through his long-time right-hand man Clayton and through a quick transfer of all foreign economic operations to the State Department by executive order before a new Secretary of Commerce is appointed. Economic analysts see in such an arrangement a new partnership between the House of Morgan, represented by former U. S. Steel chairman Stettinius, the friendly Harry Hopkins and the House of Jones—three forces not usually to be found on the same side of the street.

There is no need to speak again of the enormous world repercussions that result from our every action. American policies may well be the decisive factor in the European revolutions now in progress and in those that are sure to come, since our food, our arms and our

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credit can assure victory to whoever gets them. To place the administration of such crucial affairs in the hands of men whose dedication to the popular cause is, to say the least, dubious, a risk we dare not take. The victory of November 7 supplied no mandate for this. If Secretary Stettinius can read the signs of the times, he knows that it is just the opposite. We urge you, if you agree with us, to write to the President about it. Write also to your Senators and your Representative. Tremendous issues are at stake.

The Italian Crisis

THE BRITISH VETO of Count Carlo Sforza as Foreign Minister in a reconstituted cabinet represents a new low in Britain's anti-democratic interventionist policy in Italy. There is, of course, nothing altogether new in this politically stupid move which can only have the effect of further antagonizing Italy's democratic forces against the British and, by implication, their allies. Just as the British support of General Badoglio in the early phase of Italy's liberation was a positive form of anti-democratic intervention, the refusal to accept Count Sforza is its negative correlation. And just as the British were unable to sustain Badoglio in power when after the liberation of Rome the strength of the Left made itself felt, their latest maneuver will turn out to be as self-defeating in the long run.

Behind the British move against Sforza lies the whole issue of British policy in Italy. What Great Britain wants is the restoration of the pre-Mussolini conservative and capitalist Italian state. For this reason she supported Badoglio and the monarchy, and for the same reason she is now supporting the conservative elements in the resigned Bonomi cabinet. One of the reasons for the fall of this cabinet was the refusal of some of its conservative members to go along with the leftist demand for a more speedy and efficient purge of former Fascists in government offices. For a real purification of the Italian administration would deprive the Right of some pillars of its present strength, Fascists and Fascist sympathizers who have sought refuge in the Right parties. It is well known that Count Sforza, after his previous vacillations, definitely sided with the left-wing groups in the current crisis. Hence the British veto.

The British step also suggests that the resignation of the Bonomi cabinet was deliberately engineered by the Right as a surprise move to settle the issue of monarchy in their favor. It is unlikely that Bonomi did not know in advance of the interviews which Crown Prince Humbert gave to the Rome correspondent of The New York Times, which created such furor on the Left that it seemed as if it had been the leftists who had precipitated the crisis. Actually, Bonomi is now closely identified with the monarchy and the Allies. By permitting the monarchical issue again to come into the open after it had been agreed that it should be postponed until all of Italy had been liberated, he made it impossible for the Left parties, committed to the liquidation of the monarchy, to remain any longer in the coalition. The British veto of Sforza, moreover, amounts to an open declaration that they do not care for left-wing participation in the Italian government and that they are prepared to back to the hilt an exclusively rightist cabinet.

The Italian Left is keenly aware that the whole British-Italian Right operation is an attempt to entrench the conservative forces in positions of power before the liberation of northern Italy, when the weight of the leftist movement, which is strongest in the industrial north, may force a showdown in favor of the Left and bring to power an exclusively leftist government. In line with the Sforza veto is therefore the recent order of General Alexander to the Partisan detachments in German-occupied Italy to cease fighting and return to their homes until further notice. What the order amounts to, if it were to be carried out, is the complete liquidation of the liberation movement in northern Italy. By depriving the Italian resistance movement of its military formation, General Alexander's order would in fact strengthen the conservative and monarchical forces. It is perhaps the most cynical and anti-democratic demand which the British have made upon the Italian people since the Allied landings.

The end result of Britain's reactionary policy in Italy can only be complete failure. Its immediate effect is to increase intransigence on the part of the Socialist, Communist and Action Parties, which now favor the transfer of power from the established authorities to

Harper in The Birmingham Age-Herald

"Remember the way we went last time?"

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the various committees of national liberation, national, provincial and local. The British policy is therefore having the opposite effect from what it is trying to accomplish. It undermines the authority of the government and strengthens the liberation movement, which enjoys the confidence of the masses.

Without the participation of the Left, it is improbable that a government can be effective enough to cope with Italy's unsolved economic problems, which will be aggravated during the winter. Economic chaos will mean unrest, violence and possibly civil war. To prevent this, Italy needs a government which can bring about social reforms of a radical nature. By failing to support such a government, the Allies are blocking Italian democracy. As British policy is set on a course of action of which we can't possibly approve, it is up to President Roosevelt and our State Department to persuade the British to end their reactionary line in Italy. Otherwise the United States is as much to blame as Great Britain for the Italian debacle.

The Quarrel in Justice

THE DISPUTE between Attorney General Francis Biddle and Assistant Attorney General Norman Littell is now completely in the open. Mr. Littell has filed with the Senate War Investigating Committee a 12,000-word report criticizing Mr. Biddle severely, and especially on the charge that he has been unduly influenced by Thomas G. Corcoran, former government official now practising law in Washington. (Two members of the committee say that Mr. Littell's report was made at their request and was not volunteered by him.) President Roosevelt has dismissed Mr. Littell on the ground of insubordination. He had already asked his resignation, however, before the memorandum to the Senate committee had been made public, so that this case does not fully fit the formula laid down by the President in the Wallace-Jones feud, that he would henceforth demand the resignation of any member of his official family who quarreled publicly with any other member.

In brief summary, and without any attempt at this time to weigh the merits of the charges that are made, we may report that Mr. Littell says he received from Mr. Biddle inadequate support, no support, or actual hostility, in a number of cases handled by him for the Department of Justice. One of these was the Elk Hills case, in which he managed to obtain the cancellation of a contract between the Navy Department and the Standard Oil Company of California, regarding oil in the Elk Hills naval reserve. Another was the proposal of Mr. Will Clayton to have surplus government land sold off by means of big real-estate operators who would have received a commission, a procedure which Mr. Littell considered unnecessary and wasteful. A third was the case of the Breakers Hotel at Palm Beach, Florida, in use by the United States Army as a war hospital. Mr. Littell and many other people believed that the army acted prematurely and unwisely, and that leasing the hotel instead of buying it cost the taxpayers a good deal of money—Mr. Littell thinks at least $500,000 a year for five years.

In regard to Mr. Corcoran, Mr. Littell says that a law firm with which he is affiliated was interested in the case of the Savannah Shipyards Company, a subsidiary of the Empire Ordnance Company. Littell, on behalf of the government, filed condemnation proceedings, and an effort was made to get him to consent to payment to the owner of a larger sum than he considered proper. Mr. Littell says further that he was handicapped in relation to the Empire Ordnance Company because the Securities and Exchange Commission would not give the Department of Justice information in its possession, on the ground of Mr. Corcoran's relationship to Mr. Biddle and to the company. Mr. Corcoran's name has also been prominent in the daily press in connection with the sale of radio station WMCA, in New York City, to Edward J. Noble, former Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Donald Flamm, former owner of the station, charges that he sold it for less than it was worth because he was told that if he did not do so, the Federal Communications Commission would cancel his license.

Without, as we have said above, commenting on the validity of any of these charges, we agree with The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, The New York Post, PM and other liberal newspapers, that it is desirable the whole matter should be subjected to an authoritative investigation. If this is not done, it will continue to smolder underground and eventually break out in a worse form. Obviously, some Republicans would like to make this case the occasion for a general smear of the Roosevelt Administration, and they should be thwarted, just as we should also thwart a perfunctory whitewash. In spite of his repudiation of the suggestion, we still think the committee headed by Senator Mead, formerly the Truman Committee, is the logical one to do this job —better than the Judiciary Committee, suggested by Representative Jerry Voorhis. Most of Mr. Littell's charges deal with questions rising directly out of the war. The Mead Committee has already investigated some of them at great length and would not need to go over the ground again.

We do not doubt that Mr. Biddle found Mr. Littell hard to get along with, but incompatibility of temperament is not the point at issue here. Mr. Littell makes a series of definite charges; up to the hour of going to press, Mr. Biddle has publicly answered none of them. Continued silence, and a failure to have the matter investigated by an impartial outside source, would certainly leave the impression that Mr. Littell has been dismissed because he was too zealous in guarding the

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public interest. The reputation of the Department of Justice is too important to be left open to any such suspicion. In its interest and in their own, Mr. Biddle and Mr. Corcoran should be the first to demand an exhaustive inquiry. We have no reason to suppose that they will not welcome it.

Birth Control and the Catholics

DR. J. M. O'NEILL of Brooklyn College, author of the article, "The Birth-Control Debate," beginning on page 788 of this issue, is an outstanding Roman Catholic layman. We welcome his article both because it is so rarely we find a Catholic willing to discuss this subject in calm and reasonable terms, and because we feel he makes some important points in the direction of clarity and accurate definition of terms. To be sure, Dr. O'Neill, as will be seen, is a perfectionist. He wants everyone to use language with the greatest precision and to make no unwarranted assumptions or inferences. This is a laudable enthusiasm, but we fear Dr. O'Neill is doomed to disappointment in an imperfect world.

It is quite true, as Dr. O'Neill points out, that there are many Catholics in the United States who are not opposed to birth control by the "rhythm" technique, which, despite Dr. O'Neill's objection, is in fact a "method" according to the dictionary definition of that word. The rhythm technique has its advantages and disadvantages, among the latter being that it is unreliable and requires an unusual degree of perseverance and intelligence. It is also true, no doubt, that there are many Catholics who do not object to the use of other, more reliable and in general more satisfactory methods for preventing conception. The difficulty is that when there is a public issue over this subject, these tolerant Catholics seem to disappear completely from sight. They keep silent while the aggressive anti-birth-control group carries out its purposes. Dr. O'Neill also puts far too much emphasis on state laws and far too little on the federal statute, which, as interpreted, forbids the use of the mails for transmission of contraceptive information among laymen. Still more important, he ignores extra-legal methods of compulsion used by many Catholics, such as boycotts and intimidation. We believe that in general he greatly exaggerates the ease with which birth-control information is made available today, especially in such areas as rural communities in the South.

Dr. O'Neill urges that, since large families living in deep poverty are undesirable, we should abolish the poverty instead of reducing the number of children. We are heartily in favor of abolishing poverty and are delighted to have Dr. O'Neill as a recruit in an enterprise advocated in this journal from its first issue. But since it will obviously take a very long time to abolish poverty in toto, why not proceed along both lines simultaneously? Certainly, the activities of those who advocate birth control have not in the slightest degree interfered with the activities of those who would abolish poverty. And let us remember, as Dr. O'Neill does not seem to have done, that those who advocate "planned parenthood" (his objection to the phrase seems to us an unworthy quibble) do not recommend small families. All they recommend is that married couples shall have the information on which they can decide for themselves how many children they wish, and at what intervals. Whether they want two or twelve is no concern of the proponents of the theory. Dr. O'Neill is surely wrong, however, when he argues that a small income, divided among twelve children, gives each of them the same food, clothing, medical care, etc., that are available when the same income is divided between two children. Moreover, we believe that the weight of medical opinion is that stillbirths, infant mortality and maternal mortality tend to increase, regardless of the economic level, after a woman has had five or six children.

While the advocates of birth control are not primarily concerned with the number of children born to any given family, sociologists are necessarily concerned with the problem of a rapidly increasing population. The number of people in the world has doubled in a little more than one century. We have yet to hear any Catholic opponent of birth control say that he wants this process to continue indefinitely. But what do they want? Twice the present population? Or ten times? Or are they in favor of a continuance of war, famine and plague, in order to balance a tremendously high birth rate with an equally high death rate? Meanwhile, we agree with and applaud Dr. O'Neill's courageous recommendation that "doctors should be allowed freedom of speech" and that the law should not "prohibit mature people in a free society from getting information they want."

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A Journal of Opinion

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De Gaulle's Dilemma

WITHOUT the Communists, the de Gaulle government would be lacking in one of its most stable and disciplined elements. This may seem a paradox, if you believe the stories of Communist risings in Perpignan and Narbonne, of factories seized and Soviets established. Inspired by the necessarily arbitrary actions of detachments of the FFI which administered without contact with the central authority when communications with Paris were still irregular, these rumors were spread and exaggerated by the pro-Germans, by those who were now trying to warn the Allies against the Reds, and by those cautious Americans who wanted to make sure that de Gaulle would control the extreme Left before giving him recognition.

The Communist Party is, by its constitution, a well organized body of men and women, taking their "directives," after a free discussion, from the Central Committee. Today's directive is to win the war, and so, in everything which will help France's war effort, the Communists are supporting de Gaulle, strengthening his authority, helping to maintain order and acting as a brake on "leftists" who are more interested in economic and social change than in the military problem. To win the war has been the party "line" since the Communists entered the National Council of Resistance and sent Grenier to the Consultative Assembly in Algiers. When they thought that de Gaulle was dabbling overmuch in politics to the disadvantage of France's military activity, they didn't hesitate to have a brief flirtation with Giraud, which began with their letter of condolence to him on the death of his daughter in the hands of the Germans. André Marty, the rebel of the Black Sea fleet, and Robert Murphy found themselves in the same gallery.

Grenier, Minister for Air in the Algiers Committee, had been, from time to time, its active critic in the Assembly, though, as in the case of the ordinances on the press, he had also given it valuable support. But he differed from the other members of the committee in being a Minister with a live party behind him, and not merely a paper-party. The Communists in North Africa, as in France today, urge a popular program—abolition of Vichy legislation, action against French collaborators, more and cheaper food, abolition of the black market. Added to the heroic part played by the Communist Francs-Tireurs Partisans under the Occupation, and the world prestige of the Russian Communist Party, this program, though shared by the de Gaulle Coalition, has attracted more recruits to the Communist Party since liberation than to any other party in France. The Communists are in earnest; they act as well as talk.

When he was struggling for recognition, de Gaulle needed the Communists: they rounded off his administration, and Russia's friendship was a makeweight against America's distrust. Since October 24, he needs them less. His government is recognized, and he does not want to share authority. When the Communists forced Tillon into the government instead of Grenier, who had proved himself a good and, ultimately, a malleable administrator, de Gaulle realized more than ever that his five Christian Democratic Ministers, with their small popular following, were a far easier group to handle than two Communists with a mass party behind them and a newspaper, L'Humanité, with a circulation of well over 200,000—a formidable figure when you remember that Paris now has 17 dailies.

The Communists until recently had an outstanding quarrel with de Gaulle—and with his Radicals and Socialists: the case of Maurice Thorez, leader of the party. The Socialists were particularly stubborn in not wanting him to be permitted to return from Russia. Thorez is officially charged with desertion, in not reporting to the colors when his class was called. Although he has now been pardoned, the charge remains. It raises the question of the Communists' "non-collaboration" in the war effort before Russia entered the war, and reminds Frenchmen of the great split in the trade-union movement which resulted. The Socialists say, in private, that Thorez was given facilities by the Germans to get to Russia—a French Lenin in reverse. While denying this, the Communists don't think the point at all important. For them, the well-being of France depends primarily on the defense of the "country of socialism—the Soviet Union." And though the Comintern has been dissolved, there is still a sympathetic coördination of French Communist Party policy with the high policy of the Central Committee in Moscow. That is the great gap which separates Marcel Cachin from the national patriotism of Socialists like Paul Boncour.

One thing joins Communists and Socialists: both feel that de Gaulle has not given them adequate representation in the government.

Who has power in France? Without economic and physical—military and police—power, the authority of any government is illusory. The 200 families who pulled the strings of the Quai d'Orsay and filled St. Cyr (the French West Point) with their sons, are in hiding or interned. Control of industry and the army is still being fought for by the rival claimants—de Gaulle and his entourage, the representatives of centralized authority, which is not dependent on a popular mandate, and the Communists and the consolidated left wing—Socialists, Christian Socialists and

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some Radical Socialists, who want public control of all public utilities and the democratization of the army.

De Gaulle, in his passion for "la Gloire" and the traditions of the army, has much more in common with Giraud than with any member of the FFI who has bled on the barricades of Paris or in the passes of the Vosges. De Gaulle is a representative product of St. Cyr. His views on waging war, though revolutionary as far as mechanized warfare is concerned, were all in favor of a professional army, with a traditional and strong *esprit de corps*. His ideal officer is a man who has passed through a long period of professional training. De Gaulle's theory of leadership, described in the last chapter of "Vers l'Armée de Métier," does not provide for the admission into his professional army of men like the roughly trained officers of the FFI. But the incorporation has been forced on him by events. The FFI could only be politically disarmed by being converted into disciplined soldiers. And although the elegant colonels who studied at St. Cyr and won their wounds in Syria and Morocco may look askance at the *ad-hoc* colonels of 25 now entering the army from the FFI, they must accept the choice between having them as friends or as rivals. Diethelm, the Minister of War, is a civilian and a Popular Democrat. He is sufficiently colorless not to antagonize the FFI, though one attempt by him at censoring news of its activities got him into trouble. The FFI wants to democratize the French army—a goal which seems more important to Frenchmen than to Americans and Englishmen, who have largely achieved it in their own countries. For the time being, the FFI groups, including the Francs-Tireurs Partisans, are, at their own request, entering the army as units. The whole tendency of the government will be to destroy the identity of these formations at the first possible moment and dissolve them in the French forces generally.

Among the FFI, the army and the government, there is no dispute as to France's right to share in the decisions concerning Germany's future and in the occupation of that country. France has been given a place on the European Advisory Council, and will also claim her place on the Security Council, envisaged at Dumbarton Oaks. In a recent radio speech, de Gaulle said that France must "*s'imposer a l'étranger.*" His blunt speech, which probably hastened recognition and has enhanced his popularity in France, is a forecast of his government's approach to foreign affairs. Churchill has already promised de Gaulle a zone of occupation for the French army. The Socialists have specifically stated that they don't want a Carthaginian peace; Bidault, Foreign Minister and a Christian Democrat, has gone out of his way to show that France wants security against Germany, not revenge. The movement to annex the Rhineland has little support on the Left; it is among the right-wing "*Attentistes*" and the authoritarian, "non-political" Gaullists that it has most support.

Though there are some patriots who don't want a vengeful peace against Germany, it would be hard to find any who don't want to be avenged against those collaborators who betrayed France to the Germans. At the present moment, there are probably 100,000 collaborators under arrest—ranging from whores and housewives who slept with Germans, to high officials who delivered hostages to the Nazis. Obviously, the degrees of guilt in the comprehensive crime of "collaboration" vary. The government doesn't want to persecute the petty administrators who carried on with their jobs under Vichy. These functionaries are vital for the conduct of public affairs. Feeling among the people against the small fry of collaboration is cooling off into contempt, and anger will only flare up again if these ex-collaborators become politically active. Georges Suarez, the editor of Aujourd'hui, put forward in his defense the only argument which might claim some legal validity, though it lacks moral value. He said that he couldn't have been guilty of treason against France, since France had made an armistice through Vichy and had never redeclared war on Germany. Ergo, there was no enemy with whom he could have collaborated. Ergo, there was no basis for the charge. According to that logic, he might have added that de Gaulle was a usurper, and his court incompetent to deliver judgments. Nobody in France, not even collaborators, would favor such a legal quibble to defend men like Suarez, a pro-Nazi and an enemy of the Allies. But in the case of those who carried out Vichy's orders because Vichy was the *de-facto* government, there may be mitigating circumstances, which France will admit. Broadly speaking, Frenchmen are in two camps: those who want justice and those who fear it.

The question of the trusts and who shall control industry is still unsettled. The workers who took over factories when their collaborationist owners fled, will soon find that finance and raw materials will only be provided if their occupation has government approval. For the time being, their actions are tolerated but not "approved for policy." There must be a general, not an eclectic, settlement of what should be done with industrial enterprises. The taking over of Renault is an *ad-hoc* action, which the most pro-capitalist of governments would have had to take, in view of M. Renault's alleged pro-Nazi activities and consequent arrest.

De Gaulle is committed to smashing the trusts. In Algiers, Giaccobi, then Minister of Production, pledged himself to the nationalization of mines. Meyer, Minister for Communications, favored the nationalization of communications. The general sense of the government and of the Resistance Movement tends, in fact, toward the nationalization of all public

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utilities and the arms industry. But French industry is now almost at a standstill as a result of the removal of machinery by the Nazis, the breakdown in transport and the lack of fuel and raw materials. It depends for its rehabilitation on the help which the Allies give it. Will British and American industrialists encourage, by unstinted help, the setting up of successful nationalized industries in France? My personal opinion is that they will not. The alternative for the French government is, therefore, either to develop industry on lines approved by British and American trade associations, or to limp along in its own way, as Russia did in 1917, and nationalize industries as it thinks best.

Paris MAURICE EDELMAN

The Birth-Control Debate[1]

THE MIXTURE of sociological and rhetorical fog which has long been characteristic of arguments on both sides of the birth-control controversy, seems in recent months to have increased in volume and density. The silly assumptions, inaccurate reporting and confused thinking with which the writers on this subject, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, muddle themselves and their readers, constitute an appalling exhibition of incompetence. Whatever one's belief is, the intelligent person should recognize this subject as one of genuine importance, not only in the private lives of innumerable citizens, but also in the life of the nation itself.

To *assume* that anyone who is disturbed by a low birth rate should be in favor of laws prohibiting doctors, or anyone else, from giving information on birth control to mature men and women who want it, is nonsense. To *assume* that such laws have any effect on the birth rate is worse nonsense. To *assume* that Catholics as a matter of course believe in such laws is complete nonsense. There are undoubtedly millions of Catholics in the United States who would never endorse such laws. They believe, as do other Americans, that a free society should not have laws that seek to prohibit the passing on to mature people of information, any information, except in regard to something like military secrets in wartime. A morality that rests upon ignorance of how to commit sin is pitiable.

We have no laws prohibiting the giving of information on how to kill our neighbors with poison, lethal weapons or naked fists. Imagine the effect of such laws on medical schools, departments of chemistry, military schools, athletic departments and the writing of mystery stories. We try to prevent murder principally by moral training and the development of personal and social attitudes and atmospheres calculated to inhibit the desire to solve one's problems by murder. We do, of course, have laws that prohibit and punish the practice of murder. One state, Connecticut, has a law (passed in 1879; one prosecution in 65 years *nol-prossed*; score, zero) which forbids the "use of any drug, medicinal article or instrument for the purpose of preventing conception." We do not, however, have laws anywhere that seek to punish the *practice* of birth control *per se*. Probably the difficulty of obtaining dependable evidence explains the absence of agitation for such laws. This brings up the second important reason why we should all be opposed to laws prohibiting the giving of information on birth control—that is, their complete and universal futility. Prohibition should have taught us the lesson of futile legislation. Knowledge of how to prevent conception is about as hard to come by as knowledge of how to poach an egg. There is probably not a populous community in the United States in which any mature man cannot find out in one hour substantially everything of practical importance that anyone, doctors included, could tell him about birth control. It might take a woman a bit longer, but not much. Neither of them would necessarily have to consult a physician or a "birth-control clinic"—whatever the institution is that operates under that misnomer.

The problem of a declining birth rate, especially among those best fitted to produce and rear children who are physically, mentally and morally sound, should be a matter of deep concern to all who are interested in the future of our country or the human race. However, activities designed to impede the spread of knowledge of simple facts already almost universally known cannot help very much. They can and do produce little but irritation and confusion.

For instance, the article by Frances Jameson, "A Catholic Mother Looks at Planned Parenthood," in the December, 1943, Reader's Digest, cannot promote either understanding or persuasion. In an argument on birth control, the quoting of the Catholic Mass, St. Augustine, Pius XI and Cardinal Hayes to those who believe in birth control but who do not believe in the Catholic Church, is worse than a waste of time. Catholic writers should not quote specifically Catholic doctrine as a reason why non-Catholics should do or not do anything. It is a widespread and vastly irritating practice. It is inherently and inevitably nonpersuasive. Mrs. Jameson's answering of a thoroughly foggy prophecy of a Planned Parenthood pamphlet, about what the average woman will do, by calling it "an unvarnished falsehood" and trying to prove this charge by citing a passage that shows only that *contraception reduces pregnancies*, obviously contributes nothing but more fog.

[1] Comment on this article will be found in the editorial section. – THE EDITORS

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What "psychologists tell us" about frustrations, as interpreted in this article, is foggy on at least three counts: biological, theological and psychological. "Certainly no frustration is bitterer than the willful thwarting of one's deepest biologic urge—the urge to reproduce." If by the urge to reproduce is meant a spiritual and social desire to have children, mixed with a patriotic ambition to increase the birth rate, Mrs. Jameson is not dealing with the deepest biologic urge at all. The *biologic* urge is the desire to mate, to have sexual intercourse. While the advocates of contraception have not been conspicuous in advising the thwarting of that urge, the Catholic Church has never taught that such thwarting, in various circumstances and conditions of life, is other than salutary, or that the opposite course is other than sinful. Moreover, what the psychologists tell us about urges and frustrations is, most of it, wholly contrary to Mrs. Jameson's position.

The nonsense is, however, emphatically on both sides, or rather on all sides. It is impossible to get one single, definite proposition out of the contentious literature. "More American women believe that parenthood should be voluntary and planned, than at any other time in the country's history," says The Reader's Digest for October, 1943, in a particularly foggy interpretation of the Fortune poll of August. Suppose the Fortune poll showed this (which it does not). What of it? Do all women who so believe endorse the use of "Japanese birth-control devices in the homes of America" (Father Schmiedeler's phrase)? What of the rhythm system, which has high Catholic endorsement? Does that mean voluntary and planned parenthood? Or is it voluntary and planned non-parenthood, like so much that is advocated under the chaotic and misleading labels of this general subject? Father Schmiedeler, in the October Digest, spoke of "the cheap filching of pleasure that is birth control." The September, 1943, Digest carried the statement, on the authority of the American Medical Association, that most doctors agree that conception is possible only in less than a 48-hour period in each lunar month, and that some doctors say less than a 12-hour period. If these statements are true, or even if only the claims for the rhythm system are approximately true, married couples could live essentially free sex lives and never have a child. Certainly this would not help the birth rate very much. It would, moreover, scarcely count as that self-control which is so often advocated as a moral substitute for birth control. Would it in fact be "planned parenthood"? Parent of what? Or birth control? What birth? Why debase language anyway by saying "planned parenthood" when what is meant is possibly planned conception, but probably planned non-conception? Parenthood, as anyone should know who has either acquaintance with normal family life or access to a good dictionary, is a complex relationship which begins but does not end with conception, and which never results from contraception.

Clearly, Catholic writers, and others as well, must overhaul their vocabularies and their arguments in anti-birth-control campaigns if they are to give blanket endorsement to the rhythm system. They must drop all such expressions as "the cheap filching of pleasure," the attacks on small or childless families, the cases based on low birth rates and the advocacy of laws against the giving of information. To use any of these in opposition to undefined birth control by one who accepts the rhythm system is to be thoroughly illogical.

So too the advocates of birth control need to look to their logic. In the February, 1944, American Mercury Dr. J. H. J. Upham, president of the Planned Parenthood Federation, while recognizing some of the inconsistencies involved in using the stock arguments against undefined birth control by anyone approving the rhythm system, fails himself to distinguish between birth control so used and *contraception.* He even places the rhythm system among the *methods* "that can more properly and competently be decided by medical experts." The rhythm system (or the celibacy of the clergy, or the continence of the unmarried) can be thought of as a *method* of birth control within the province of medical experts only in an atmosphere that is foggy indeed. In the same article Dr. Upham mentions Massachusetts and Connecticut as "the only two states which make birth control illegal." The truth is, as he ought to know, that there are no states which make birth control illegal—and happily none which make it compulsory.

Probably nowhere is the fog thicker than in the misreporting and fallacious thinking on the Fortune poll of August. The facts are perfectly plain. No literate person has any excuse for misunderstanding what Fortune actually reported. That is: that of the women questioned, 84.9 percent said they believed "that knowledge about birth control should be available to married women"; of the Catholic women questioned, 69 percent said they believed this. Why not? Why should not everyone believe in *knowledge being available*? Obviously the Fortune poll shows nothing whatever about anyone's belief in, or practice of, birth control or contraception of any kind.

However, The Digest for October, 1943, reported the Planned Parenthood Federation as stating that this poll "marks the highest response thus far registered in favor of planned babies." Babies, planned or unplanned, were of course not mentioned in the Fortune poll. The Digest, in the same issue, refers to the poll as "the 84.9 percent vote for birth control," which it clearly was not. The apex of confusion is reached when Dr. Upham, in the closing quotation in the October, 1943, Digest, gives us a fine burst of non-sequitur fog and packs three fallacies into two sentences. We can grant that 85 percent of the women of the country believe that such knowledge should be available to married women who want it and yet have no basis whatever for any valid conclusion as to the number who either

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sanction for others or themselves practise anything that can properly be called birth control or contraception. Moreover, Dr. Upham should know that healthier and happier children will not result from "parents wanting them and being physically prepared to have them" unless the economic and social conditions of the family make health and happiness possible. These conditions do not, and cannot, spring simply from the parents' desires and physical condition.

What are the social arguments behind birth-control campaigns? What are the social facts on which these arguments must rest to be other than assumptions? Is there any clear evidence that the children in the larger families in the lower economic levels fare any worse than the children in the smaller families *in the same levels*? Are there important differences in food, clothing, medical care, home training, schooling? If, however, this contention could be proved up to the hilt, would it establish the proposition that there should be fewer children, or none, at these economic levels? Or only the proposition that prosperous American society has neglected to see to it that every American child (which, we should remember, means every child born in America, regardless of his parentage) has food, shelter, clothing and a chance at a decent life?

If the members of the medical profession have made themselves clear to an interested layman, or if common observation is reliable, there is no truth in the contention that having many children undermines the health of normal women. There are many mothers of families of from six to twelve or more children who are fresh, alert, slender, happy, attractive women. Doctors have said again and again that childbearing *per se* promotes these qualities instead of destroying them. Of course none of these women are field hands, or beasts of burden doing the proper work of three or four people while bearing children. We do not need the testimony of doctors or social workers, or anyone else, to tell us that bearing many children, without proper care during pregnancy and after childbirth, *plus* doing all of the work of feeding, dressing, bathing, training these children, *plus* the cooking, washing and housecleaning for a large family, is an inhuman burden for any woman. Everyone knows this. We can each move on from this universal knowledge to the conclusion that in other-than-wealthy families women should have few children, or none, or to the conclusion that such women should have needed assistance from society, each according to her own philosophy. Only the dull and unresourceful will see the preventing of children as the *only* solution. To them it is of course the perfect answer. It not only stops the children, but by doing so, it stops the necessity for thinking, for responsibility, for looking ahead.

Is there a scrap of evidence that the children of the poor, once their poverty is relieved and they are properly fed and clothed and trained, are less desirable human material than the children of the rich? None seems to be available, and again ordinary experience reveals a great deal of compelling evidence to the contrary. We should stop mourning over the pitiful children of the teeming slums and the enslaved sharecroppers, and solve these problems, not by doing away with the children, but by doing away with the slums and the sharecropping.

The moral and economic diseases of the Okies and other migrant workers, whether seen through the eyes of John Steinbeck, Mildred Delp, or others, constitute a complex and shocking disgrace to America. The article on Miss Delp's activity in the July, 1943, Digest, which Father Schmiedeler muffs so completely in the October, 1943, Digest, exhibits the callous and superficial smothering of a terrible situation in another cloud of birth-control fog.

Miss Delp's "achievement" is reported as "increasingly significant because millions of women are needed in agricultural work this summer. As one Okie mother puts it, 'a pragnet woman jest ain't much good in crops.' Another says, 'If Sara is goin' to work from kin-see to cain't-see every day to help win the war, she ought to stop havin' kids a spell'." This is simply putting American mothers in the same class with farm animals. The crops must be cared for! Don't breed the mare at such a time that the foaling will interfere with the spring plowing!

Miss Delp noted, with rising fury, all of the details of the heartrending scene: "Young girls of 15 with their first-born on their knees"; mothers "jest all frailed out," cooking for large families, on rusty stoves, in drafty tents; little children with "wracking coughs caught sleeping in a damp, floorless tent." It is all built up to the dramatic line: "Mildred Delp could stand no more." Now we feel something is going to happen. We are all prepared for the grand dénouement. And we get her cry that uttered forth her vision of this sick place made well: "Hadn't these people ever *heard* of Margaret Sanger?" What matchless anti-climax! Think of it: ignorance, lack of food, lack of shelter, lack of schooling, lack of moral and religious training, disease, suffering, despair. And we turn from this horror to the bright vision of Margaret Sanger's little sponges, diaphragms and jellies, and know that all will be well. In the post-sponge-and-jelly world there will be no more—or few—little children whose sufferings will tear our hearts. But what will happen to the sacred crops? How are Margaret Sanger and Mildred Delp to guarantee the precious supply of oranges, grapes, peaches, if American mothers are to breed no more American girls to take their places in the fields? Maybe the growers will have to buy machinery and pay men wages that will decently support American families. Then those who like choice fruit, wine and orange juice may have to pay enough for them so this can be done. Wouldn't that be awful? Anyone who can approve of such changes can promote them by advo-

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cating that all actual and prospective mothers should have (instead of sponges and diaphragms) necessary assistance to provide food, clothing, shelter, nursing and the other essentials of decent living.

The Sanger-Delp solution to this general problem is too much like Hitler's sterilization of the young men of Poland, or his wholesale slaughter of the Jews. Any birth-control problem which is a social problem—one that is other than strictly private and individual—is always largely an economic problem. It is a complex human problem with a high economic content. Such problems are met with sponges, surgical instruments and firing squads only by savages or by those who are too dull, too indolent or too cautious to analyze the difficulty and work for the right solution.

I have not sought here to argue specific tenets in either morals or medicine. Such argument is not involved in advocating intelligent discussion nor in taking the position that doctors should be allowed freedom of speech, along with the men on the streets and the men in the corner drug stores. What any man or woman does with the information gained from the doctor, the favorite magazine or the neighbor across the way is obviously his or her problem in personal conduct. The solution to such problems is influenced by whatever forces shape the moral standards of the individual in all such questions, whether of burglary, birth control, mayhem or murder. These problems in personal conduct are clearly separable from the question whether it is desirable for the law to prohibit mature people in a free society from getting information they want from various sources, including physicians. Unless these matters are kept separate in our thinking, confusion is inevitable.

In the work of shaping moral codes for society or helping the individual to develop moral standards, priests, ministers, rabbis, teachers, journalists and pamphleteers should all likewise have freedom of speech. They should advocate whatever seems to them to be true and salutary. All men and women, however, who approach the task of delivering themselves on the subject of birth control or contraception should take care to keep in touch with their ordinary powers of observation, with some of the more relevant social facts, the meaning of simple words, the elementary rules of logic and the rudiments of child care. If they would stop confusing knowing with doing in birth control as in murder, on the one side, and try to differentiate somewhat between physiology and economics, on the other side, perhaps they could reduce the fog month by month, instead of adding to it.

J. M. O'NEILL

Reform, Howard Smith Style

I NEVER THOUGHT that I would live to see the day that Representative Howard Smith of Virginia turned reformer. Yet, if you believe the papers and take his latest bill at face value, that is exactly what has happened. The Archduke of Reaction is proposing to remodel Congress, to revise the committee structure, staff it with experts (presumably even with some of the "professors" he has been trying to chase out of the government for so long) and establish a joint committee of the two Houses to consider even further needed reforms!

What cooks? Has the Gentleman from Virginia got religion? Has he decided that the South's place is in the background? Take another look.

For years now, and especially since the New Deal came into office, political scientists and students of government, both amateur and professional, have been urging a reorganization of Congress, a streamlining of its old-fashioned system of operations. For the last four years, the American Political Science Association has kept its Committee on Congress actively at work conducting an inquiry into what members themselves think is wrong and what remedies they propose. Recently, increasing numbers of individuals and powerful organizations have joined in the fight.

As a result of this kind of interest, a considerable number of bills aimed at improving Congress were introduced in the last two sessions. Most of them were aimed at simplifying the committee structure, eliminating a major part of the special committees, and substituting merit for seniority as a requirement for attaining committee chairmanships. Senator La Follette's bill to reduce the number of standing committees in the Senate from 33 to 13 attracted favorable attention. And there was much discussion of another proposal for a joint steering committee, composed of the chairmen of a series of new streamlined committees, to be responsible for laying out an over-all legislative program for the party in power. Representatives Jerry Voorhis of California, Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, Everett Dirksen of Illinois and Mike Monroney of Oklahoma have put in hours of serious study on the question of congressional organization. On the Senate side, Maloney, Pepper and Ball have stood out along with La Follette in this respect.

Last fall, Senator Maloney and Representative Monroney introduced a concurrent resolution in both Houses calling for the establishment of a Joint Committee on the Organization of Congress, to study its operations and recommend improvements. The active forces for reform united behind this measure as the best way to get the facts before the people. Last

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August, the Senate unanimously passed the Maloney-Monroney resolution, but it included hamstringing amendments which provided that the committee could not recommend changes of parliamentary rules in either house.

In the House it was different. Speaker Rayburn showed no outward enthusiasm for Mike Monroney's resolution, since there was every reason to believe it would change things. With Howard Smith and his cronies, Gene Cox, Martin Dies and Ham Fish, in control of the all-powerful Rules Committee, it was no trick at all to keep the Monroney-Maloney bill bottled up indefinitely.

But now, shrewd Mr. Smith has smelled a new wind rising. During the early days of the Special Committee to Investigate Acts of Executive Agencies, of which he was chairman, Smith had run into practically no opposition. Those were the days when the Dies terror was still at its height; the progressive defeats in the '42 elections were still a vivid memory, and liberals were easily intimidated. But as the Smith Committee moved on from one unwarranted foray into the administrative agencies after another, even middle-of-the-roaders rose against him and his practices. When the excesses of the Cox Committee investigating the Federal Communications Commission seemed doomed to wreck that committee, and the results of the '44 primary elections pointed to repudiation of the Dies Committee, Smith began to heed the words of the one progressive member of his Special Committee, Jerry Voorhis of California.

Like all fair-minded, intelligent congressmen, Voorhis had long ago realized how much had to be done to put the machinery in up-to-date working order. The Smith Committee report on the reorganization of Congress, just issued, takes ideas formulated by Voorhis and others culled from the Monroney-Maloney bill and freezes them in a new mold. The counsel of the Smith Committee, who presumably did much of the drafting of the bill designed to carry out the report, is Aaron L. Ford, an ex-Representative from Mississippi, who after four terms failed of reëlection in 1942, in spite of—or because of—one of the most reactionary records even a Mississippi congressman has rolled up in modern times. The bill which Ford and Chairman Smith are offering for their whole committee, if passed, can be the means of freezing reaction at the controls in Congress, even though it is presented as reform.

The Smith bill contains four main provisos: (1) It establishes a joint legislative staff service available to all committees of both houses to provide expert assistance; (2) it establishes a joint committee on appropriations empowered to study the way the executive branch spends its funds; (3) it creates a permanent standing joint committee on executive agencies and procedures, to investigate cases in which the executive is thought to exceed statutory or constitutional authority; (4) it establishes a joint committee to study the operations of Congress and make recommendations for improvements.

Experts in this field generally feel that, in spite of all its specific provisions, the Smith bill would be worse than the simple provision for an investigation and recommendations called for in the Maloney-Monroney bill. They say that in the former case, reform would probably stop with the mere provision of more staff. Politicians go on to point out that it is congressional practice to name as chairman of a new committee the nominal author of the bill creating it. Smith, thereby, would come into chairmanship of a permanent group with more power and prestige than his Special Committee ever enjoyed. Larger committee staffs might mean little more than extra patronage for the Smith clique unless the technicians were attached to an existing group like the Legislative Reference Service, or unless other safeguards not now provided were specifically included.

Better congressional surveillance of executive expenditures need not mean giving the two Virginians, Smith and Harry Byrd, authority to poke their noses in wherever they wish. Representative Clarence Cannon of the House Appropriations Committee favors building up the present standing Committee on Executive Expenditures to handle the job. Others qualified to analyze the task recommend a Committee on Public Accounts, similar to that which has operated in the British House of Commons so well for so long, to be tied in tightly with the General Accounting Office, which should then be expanded to handle service as well as fidelity audits and to investigate whether various expenditures are wise and efficient.

In place of the joint committee to investigate cases where executive agencies exceed their authority, nonpartisan students of congressional reorganization favor a streamlined committee system which can be used as a regular means of communication between Congress and the executive, to maintain continuous legislative overseeing of administrative actions. With the adequate committee staffs which everyone agrees are needed, this job could be done.

The Smith bill is now bound for the House Rules Committee, where the Monroney resolution already rests. Smith and his pals are still in control here, so there is no doubt which bill will first receive favorable action.

The House is as much in need of reform today as it was when Champ Clark became Speaker. Power then shifted from Tsar Cannon to King Caucus, to the floor leader and the majority caucus system. A new power shift to a democratization of the House is overdue. Thirty years is too long to wait for this sort of change. The seniority system has outlived its usefulness.

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Flat rejection of the Smith bill by the House would serve notice on Smith and his old cronies that their trick to retain control, to divert the impetus of reform, will not work. At the very least, the House should give any committee set up to investigate the ills of Congress a free hand in making all the recommendations it wants to make. Reform à la Howard Smith must not be allowed to pass for the real thing.

HELEN FULLER

Washington

Journey in America: IV

This is the fourth of a series of articles showing what is being done—and left undone—in various regions of the United States to prepare for the problems of peace. Mr. Mezerik will next visit Los Angeles and San Francisco. – THE EDITORS

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. – The observer from the East is struck by the newness and the rawness of this area. One of the last states to come into the Union, Oklahoma's capital looks as though it had just been set down. The museum on the capitol grounds reveals little of the background of the area and nothing of the development of the resources. Instead it is replete with bric-a-brac from England and France, bestowed on it by Oklahoma's wealthier citizens. The capitol grounds offer a unique sight, with oil wells right out on the grounds, where you would expect lawns, busily pumping out the money which helps finance the state government. The wells even extend into the highways and backyards. We all associate oil with opulence, but in this rather drab city there is little evidence of great riches aside from the hotels built by the oil millionaires. A small city, it has little aspiration and few industries other than two big war-baby aviation plants. Aside from oil, Oklahoma boasts only one large enterprise—the making of glass products at Sand Springs. The Negro problem is not much in evidence, for the state is 90-percent white. Wage differentials, characteristic of the South, do not exist here, and a vigorous two-party system makes politics a less enervating influence than in the South. The effects of the drought are still obvious. Grumblings are funneled largely into anti-Roosevelt sentiment by the state's leading newspapers.

The Chamber of Commerce seems eager to bring in some new industry, and well it might be, for the Douglas and Midwest aviation plants here employ more than double the number of those who worked in all the city's industries prior to the war. Optimism isn't particularly noticeable, however. Business men remark bitterly that during the war industrial facilities in the East increased tremendously, so much so that there is little hope that Eastern industrialists will consider locating branch plants in this area. A few hopeful folk speak of plastics, of undeveloped minerals, of glass, rock-wool insulation and the properties of natural gas. But these are far in the future.

Organized labor is weak. The CIO had only 500 members here two years ago, and while it has increased to 12,000 during the period of the war, it has legitimate cause to fear that the peace will bring large-scale unemployment and loss of membership. However, the CIO, the Teamsters' Union, the Railway Brotherhoods and the Farmers' Union are working well together in a joint organization. So far they have been able to agree on political action and other questions. On the social front they have done less, and there is much to do, for the number of tenant farmers and sharecroppers continues to increase. The dust-bowl area has not been reclaimed, and education remains at a level only slightly higher than that of the South.

Kansas City, Mo. – You can usually get an idea of a city and its prospects by talking to the leaders of its commercial, industrial, political and labor activities. Kansas City ranks high by this yardstick, for there are thoughtful men here, aware of the present and looking to the future. They are not newcomers, for the cultural and commercial leadership of Kansas City over the area which radiates from it are of long duration. The meat packers and railway yards are an old story, as are the giant wholesalers and retailers. Newer is a textile industry, automobile assembly plants and many small factories. The war added the new industrial giants—Ordnance, Remington, and Pratt and Whitney—plus 100,000 new people.

Roy Roberts, Pulitzer Prize-winning editor of The Kansas City Star, told me of the city's efforts to keep the new plants in operation when the peace comes. Experts are now surveying possible uses either as large plants or subdivided into smaller units. The slogan seems to be, "They shall not close," and Roy Roberts is far from alone in proclaiming it. Kansas City is attempting to do its planning on the basis of the needs of each of its residents. The program which they are developing could be copied with profit by most communities, for it is not limited to big shots who gather for lunch once a week to talk a little planning. The work here is naturally topped by a committee of leaders, but funds have been provided so that research can be done all along the line. Much more important is the fact that local committees are working in neighborhoods, tackling problems with the coöperation im-

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plicit in their make-up, which includes business and labor, white and Negro. They even tackle the race problem, ticklish here on this border where Missouri has its separate school systems and Kansas militantly practises equality.

Kansas City believes that the small business man is important. It spearheaded the first drive in the country to get war contracts for small manufacturers. Lou Holland does not think that small factories around here were given as many contracts as they should have had. He is in a position to know, for he was head of the Smaller War Plants Corporation. Today he is on the executive committee of the Committee for Economic Development, and chairman of its Committee on Small Business. I asked Holland if the CED had ever taken a stand in favor of revising freight-rate differentials and for access to patents and to capital, the three things which do most to hold down the growth of small business. He hadn't given much thought to these factors, but promised me that he would raise them at the next meeting of the executive committee. Whether he did or didn't, I never found out, but if they take any action, I'll be pleasantly surprised. However, Holland is determined to use every avenue to keep employment high in the Kansas City area.

Mayor John Gage is behind Holland's effort. I talked to the mayor the day after his reëlection. A reform candidate who four years ago successfully overthrew the Pendergast machine, he is deeply conscious of the problems ahead. He picked up the ball politically, and concentrated his attention in our discussion on the development of the Missouri River Valley by an authority similar to the TVA. The mayor and many other people of this region see great promise in the MVA. They hope for a host of important developments: flood control, irrigation, power, erosion control and navigation up the Missouri will follow its completion. Incidentally, the rumblings of a fight over whether the Missouri waters should be used for navigation downstream or for irrigation upstream where the river originates, are to be heard here.

All the mayor's eggs are not in the MVA basket. Politically the fight goes on to remove the freight-rate differential and the distant basing point for steel which is produced locally. Again and again these two factors loom up as obstacles to postwar stability. As an ace in the hole, the mayor told me that Kansas City already has prepared civic work projects and when unemployment comes it will be ready.

There are others working toward the future too. J. C. Nichols, now in the prime of his very vigorous life, has already become a Kansas City legend. Real-estate operator and builder of a huge area of homes, apartments and commercial centers, he is devoting his time to planning stability for Kansas City and its environs. He joins with other energetic townspeople in attempting to find industrial uses for the natural resources so near at hand. Kansas City, like all of the South and most of the West, has few technological facilities for such an ambitious enterprise, and Nichols is reaching for the remedy which seems presently to characterize attempts of other areas where the people are trying to pull themselves up by their own boot straps. He is in process of organizing the Midwest Research Institute, with advice and help from the Armour Institute in Chicago and the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh. His goal is to provide research for small and large manufacturers of Kansas City, training specialists in the process. This is a necessary auxiliary to the basic premise of industrialization, yet Nichols also gives strong recognition to the fundamental that Kansas City will stand or fall on the prosperity or the depression of the towns in its trading area.

The state of Kansas has already fallen in with a part of the idea which Nichols presents. A large colored map, listing all of the resources in Kansas, has been prepared. With this in hand, Nichols and his associates are surveying the possibilities of each town and stimulating the townspeople to take on their part of the job.

What will come of all this? The Hollands, Nicholses, Gages and Robertses have proved their mettle in the past. They represent the kind of initiative which built this city. Forward-looking, they take the stand that business must work on a high-wage principle, and labor here, strong in its own right, supports and participates in their efforts. It is still too early to predict the pattern of Kansas City's future, but there is reason for the country to keep its eye on the effort.

Denver, Colo. – In no city is the view of the Rockies more glorious than here. But the view, exciting as it is, doesn't support the city. Basically Denver derives its income from the wares which it buys from the East and sells to every town and hamlet in these Mountain states. The easy money from gold and silver mining seems to have been transitory, but trade has been there always.

The trading philosophy appears to have left a deep imprint on Denver's leaders, one which has made them slow to adapt themselves to the coming of industry. They seem rather proud that there are so few war industries, saying there will therefore be less depression. (The small group of exuberant and vital little factories which have sprung up have had tough sledding.) A few additional workers did come into Denver, but today there is no labor shortage and the trickle out of the state continues even during wartime. Neither the Governor nor the officials of the Manufacturers' Association are enthusiastic about keeping the new workers or increasing the number of factories. They are committed to Denver's future as a commercial city; they visualize irrigation, which will build up the farming areas, not industry, as their great-

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est need, and in their desire for the one, ignore the other.

There are a few dissenters, some who see irrigation and industrialization as of equal importance. These are the optimists, and while they urge everyone here to give all-out support to the proposed trans-mountain water developments, they focus on what can be expected from the creation of hydroelectric energy for manufacturing, a point which most people here never bring into the discussion of water development. Unfortunately, those who hold this viewpoint are not nearly so influential as are the many who see irrigation simply as the means by which farmers can get better yields. They reason that the farmers will then have money and will be able to buy more, and that is where Denver came in originally.

The prospect of drawing large numbers of tourists does attract the traders. Again and again the natural beauty of the area is cited as proof that millions of dollars will be spent here by those who wish to enjoy Denver's unparalleled facilities for play. There can be no doubt that this will happen, but it is interesting to observe how carefully the proponents for this easy way of bringing in money steer clear of the problems of creating and maintaining a productive manufacturing system. Perhaps a clue to this mental attitude is in the political conservatism of the state's leading people.

Over and over I was told of the evils of the New Deal. Industry, these Denverites say, cannot come into being here or anywhere else, because no manufacturer is making money, owing to excessive federal taxes. I had heard this in other parts of the country, and when it was offered to me by one of Denver's leading citizens, I was ready. "That is an excellent story if it is true. If taxes really are the decisive factor in obstructing the development of this or any other area, the world should know it. Show me your balance sheets for January 1, 1933, January 1, 1940, and January 1, 1944. If, over those years, your financial position has progressively deteriorated, we'll have the proof." I didn't see the balance sheets. Instead I learned that the company has improved its financial position even since the war started. Since that conversation I have had occasion to make the same request in many states, of many company heads. I have yet to see the first set of balance sheets.

It is safe to guess that Denver's conservatism will continue. Denver will place its bets on postwar travel and trade. These are more or less sure things, and Denver's leaders are looking for sure things. As one of them put it, "Denver's future may not add up to much, but it will be comfortable here, and we're doing all right now."

A. G. MEZERIK

The Sleepy Lagoon Case

On October 4, 1944, California's Second District Court of Appeal unanimously reversed the judgments of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County in the notorious "Sleepy Lagoon" case. The decision is a vindication of the civil rights of our minority peoples. It also throws some light on the problem of "mass trials," which has been much debated recently in connection with the Washington sedition trial.

Twenty-two defendants, all of them boys of Mexican ancestry, had originally been charged with the crime of murder and of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit murder. Five of the boys were acquitted on all counts. Five others were acquitted of the murder charge but were convicted of other offenses. Twelve were convicted on all counts, three of first-degree murder and nine of second-degree murder.

It appears from the record, as set forth in the District Court's opinion, that during the night of August 1, 1942, in the course of a brawl between two rival groups of Mexican youths at a ranch house near a pond known as Sleepy Lagoon, one José Díaz was found dead, and two other boys, José Manfredi and Cruz Reyes, were severely wounded. After "painstakingly" reading transcripts of more than 6,000 pages and briefs totaling 1,400 pages, Justice Thomas P. White, speaking for the appeal court, rejected the conspiracy charge. "There is no substantial evidence to support the claim," he held, that the defendants had "murder in their hearts."

Careful and detailed examination of the actions of each defendant during the brawl did not produce tangible and substantial evidence to link any of the boys—with one possible exception—to the charges of the indictment. Why, then, the convictions? Two reasons stand out. One was the inability of the jury properly to assess the evidence. The second was the behavior of Superior Judge Charles W. Fricke during the trial.

As to the first point, the opinion held it not surprising "that the jurors, lacking legal training and experience, found it extremely difficult to keep before them the admissible, as distinguished from the inadmissible, evidence in a trial which lasted for 13 weeks, involved 22 defendants and 66 separate charges." Although Judge Fricke had advised the jury sufficiently on the law of conspiracy, still self-incriminatory statements, prejudicial references to co-defendants and hearsay testimony obviously befuddled the jurors, who, as the diversified verdicts returned indicate, "did

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not proceed upon the contention advanced by the prosecution." In spite of the admonitions of the court, the opinion stated, "the prejudicial statements are nevertheless before the jury, and to hope that they might be forgotten by the jury in their deliberations is to belie human nature and challenge human experience."

As to Judge Fricke himself, he received as severe criticism as a trial judge can be given by an appellate court. His castigation of defense counsel on numerous occasions, according to the decision, "was as undeserved as it was unwarranted. . . . This more or less constant bickering and quarreling with counsel by the court was not conducive to the creation of that type of atmosphere that should permeate a judicial inquiry."

While the opinion pointed out that statements made by defendants under illegal arrest are not necessarily involuntary and inadmissible, it held erroneous the rulings of the trial judge who did not permit defense counsel "to show all of the facts and circumstances surrounding the making of the alleged admissions from the time defendants were arrested." It sharply criticized the trial judge's admission into evidence of hypothetical testimony of an expert witness on what Díaz's condition might have been if he had survived. This testimony, the opinion stated, "only served to arouse the emotions, inflame the passions and incite the prejudice of the jury."

Chief bone of contention between judge and defense counsel was the latter's complaint that they could not consult freely with their clients. In this, also, the appeal court upheld the claim of the defense:

> It is obvious that, under the court's rulings, it was impossible for counsel to leave their table, consult with their clients in another part of the courtroom, and at the same time protect the record and listen to the testimony being given. Likewise, it was not possible for the defendants to call matters to the attention of their counsel while witnesses were testifying, or call attention to claimed inaccuracies in the testimony or to suggest to counsel questions for cross-examination.

Then the decision touches on the problem of "mass trials." Pointing out that while "a joint trial of numerous defendants speeds the wheels of justice and provides not only an expeditious but a less burdensome method for disposing of criminal cases," this kind of trial "furnishes no valid argument for depriving a defendant charged with crime of his right to the effective and substantial aid of counsel at all stages of the proceeding." The decision concludes that, in the present case, to hold "that the defendants were accorded their constitutional right to 'appear and defend in person *and* with counsel' would simply be to ignore actualities."

These are only the high lights in the District Court's decision. It is unfortunate that Justice White rejected the defense claim that the prosecution of the Mexican boys was the result of racial prejudice, saying that it "is without foundation and finds no support in the record." His argument that because the injured parties also were Mexican, the prosecution "was instituted to protect Mexican people in the enjoyment of rights and privileges which are inherent in everyone," is flimsy, if technically correct. It disregards the total context of anti-Mexican racial hysteria in which the trial took place, the same context which soon erupted like a volcano in the "pachuco," or "zoot-suit," riots. The cold record of the trial does not mention, of course, the lurid howling of the bigoted Los Angeles press about the Mexican "crime wave," and its blood-thirsty condemnation of an entire minority, which undoubtedly influenced prosecutor, judge and jury.

Credit for the successful conclusion of the case must go to the Sleepy Lagoon Defense Committee of Los Angeles and its untiring chairman, Carey McWilliams. What began as a minor episode in the life of California's Mexican minority has become a cause célèbre. Its importance is attested not only by the noticeable change in community sentiment toward Mexicans, but also by the hundreds of letters that have poured in from servicemen all over the world commending the work doné by the committee in behalf of minority rights.

HEINZ H. F. EULAU

Civilization

"Benefits!" he said. "Too many benefits! Before the foreigners came we lived at peace. The forest fed us—simply but sufficiently. We did not work. Is work a virtue when there is nothing to be gained by it? Neighbors were friendly, children were obèdient. Life was a trade wind without gusts or squalls. But now comes struggle—the struggle to make money. Money for what? We do not need clothing—the sunshine clothes us. We do not need an iron roof to carry rain water into a cement tank. The water that streams down the trunk of a tree can be turned into a jar. We do not need farming tools of iron and steel. We can make our own from the shell of a giant clam. We do not need alarm clocks and phonographs and electric lights. They spoil the sounds of the forest and the light of the moon. We do not need the telephone—we can talk to those on faraway plantations through the shell trumpet. We do not need schools. The father can teach his children all that is necessary for our simple manner of life. We do not need hospitals. This is a small island—if some did not die there would soon be too many people, too little food. But our young men are upset by the idea that they must do something, even if it is something useless. On the athletic field near the school a track has been made where boys may run around in a circle. That is what civilization is—running around in a circle." – *A Kanaka chief in Micronesia, quoted by Willard Price in "Japan's Islands of Mystery"* (John Day, $3).

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Washington Notes

The Big Three, the War, and Biddle

THE WHOLE INTERNATIONAL TIMETABLE of Big Three exchanges has been altered, I understand, due to the fact that Marshal Stalin is reluctant to leave Moscow at this time. Both Churchill and Roosevelt have expressed their desire for a quick meeting with him, and it was hoped that it would follow immediately on the heels of the American election. It won't. There is something a little disquieting in this, for the problems before the three countries are vital and far-reaching. It is still hoped that the three leaders can get together before too long.

Meanwhile the procedure on the sequel to the Dumbarton Oaks conference has had to be revamped. It was announced at Dumbarton Oaks that agreement had been achieved on "90 percent" of the agenda. The unresolved 10 percent of the questions was to be attacked, it was hoped, by Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill, meeting together. These included the Russian insistence that no member of the big powers on the proposed council could be haled before the others as an aggressor without its own consent. Since the Big Three are not going to meet straight-off, these unresolved problems will be tackled, I understand, either by a conference of Foreign Ministers (Stettinius-Eden-Molotov) or on the third level, through ambassadorial discussions.

President Roosevelt, as reported here before, is apparently eager to strike while the iron of his election mandate is hot. But he can't go ahead on the road to taking the United States into a new league of nations until the path is cleared by an understanding with Britain and Russia. It is still hoped that a quick agreement can be reached, by one means or another. When that is done, the next step will be to summon a full-dress meeting of the entire United Nations. The tentative Dumbarton Oaks program will be laid before them. It is believed that this conference will be held before the winter is over—and on this side of the Atlantic.

The thing that stands out in these plans is the pressure the Administration is exerting for speed. Officials are already looking ahead to the concluding step, after the United Nations meeting, when the new world-security plan has been adopted by the conference. That will be an almost immediate submission of the proposal, in treaty form, to the American Senate. This will be the showdown. It ought to come some time in 1945, fairly early, I understand, if the present schedule comes anywhere near to being followed. It will come while millions of soldiers are still overseas. The Administration doesn't want to put aside either this issue or that of postwar compulsory military training, for it believes action is more likely while the war is on.

The casualty lists are lengthening. Maybe that is the biggest home development since the election. I have heard many friends speculate on what America's reaction would be when the long casualty lists really started. Well—they are here. They reflect the terrible fighting now going on in Germany. All the things that seemed tawdry before in America's war experience seem more tawdry now because the contrast with the nobler sacrifices is more conspicuous: strikes, profiteers, lavish expenditures, black markets. The national tendency to blame labor for munitions shortages seemed to be almost automatic at first, but now officials here agree that the emergency caught even the military by surprise, and that the chief lesson is against overconfidence. Yet I have good authority for saying that in the midst of the present drive for greater home efforts, high officials still have some hope of quick success in cracking the German defensive "crust"—a great deal depending on good flying weather. The aerial blows being launched now are the biggest in history. More important, while the weather is good, they are consecutive blows—day after day—before repairs can be made. The cumulative effect of this is geometric, if the German patch-up crews really once get behind on their job, and if good weather permits a new hammer blow for each of three, four or five days on top of the earlier one.

Mr. Littell is out, fired by the President as Assistant Attorney General, for "insubordination." Technically, I think the charge is correct. Mr. Littell appealed his case against his superior, Attorney General Biddle, from the Administration to the newspapers. Obviously one or the other had to go. The question is whether the right man went. The case primarily involves three personalities: Littell, Biddle and Thomas G. Corcoran, former ebullient Roosevelt brain-truster, now lawyer-lobbyist. Biddle and Corcoran are close friends, Littell (age 45) and Corcoran (age 44) bitter enemies. The case isn't simple. All three men, at least in some instances, have deserved well of progressives. Corcoran wrote some of the New Deal's best legislation, the truth-in-securities and public-utility-holding-company measures. Biddle's record on wartime civil liberties is excellent, with the exception of the Minneapolis Trotskyists case. Littell has constituted himself a conscience for the Justice Department in the Savannah Shipyards, Sterling Products and Elk Hills-oil cases. He led the recent fight for liberal control of the new war surplus-property-disposal agency.

Anti-Roosevelt papers are, of course, making the most of the row, but that can't be helped. They have taken Littell up, not because he is a liberal, but because he is against Biddle. A congressional investigation is perhaps needed under the circumstances: it will certainly bring bitter charges beween principals. Littell is not invulnerable. Critics assert that he is publicity-minded and a bit self-righteous. Most crusaders are. How difficult some of the issues are is illustrated in the Savannah Shipyards deal: here Littell refused to settle condemnation proceedings out of court (as Biddle and Corcoran urged). If he had done so, critics assert, the government would have got the properties for a million dollars, whereas Littell's condemnation procedure cost a third more, an error of judgment, it is charged.

When this and other charges are made, however, the fact remains that Mr. Biddle has been irritatingly, not to say indiscreetly, chummy with Tommy Corcoran. Other members of the Administration have shown a similar friendliness. This friendship is Tommy's stock-in-trade: he is cashing in on it with rich clients at fat fees. I heard him tell a senatorial committee once that he couldn't afford a fee of

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"less than $5,000." Others have to wait, but Tommy's clients see high officials fast. In super-crowded Washington, where time means millions, Tommy purveys an invaluable commodity, even if he does not dip into his pocket of private influence. What is to be done about this? I'm not certain I know. Basically, it's a question of discretion in high officials, and discretion is nowhere more needed in American government than in the Justice Department.

Washington T. R. B.

Boston Limited

The Late George Apley, by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman. Based on Mr. Marquand's novel. Lyceum Theatre, November 21, 1944.

WE MAY SAY at the start, and so get the point settled, that "The Late George Apley" is an agreeable evening, if sometimes slow-moving, and that it has some very considerable high lights, due almost entirely to the presence, expertness and taste of Mr. Leo G. Carroll. That said, we may go on to observe that the occasion is not good enough to warrant a discussion of a play's relation to the novel it is taken from, an analysis of the problems involved in the translation of written fiction into the stage medium.

Taken seriously, this new play at the Lyceum falls, or somewhat vaguely subsides, between two stools. It does not follow the procedure of "Life with Father," for example, which is also a comedy dealing with a family that lives in a position of security, background and the flavor of a conservative Victorian tradition. "Life with Father" whoops all this up into something like musical-comedy-farce values. Its method goes in for speed, for high-lighting and lively emphasis, and for characters and situations that are round and sure-fire. The whole effect is lively, warm, crotchety and sweet, touched with old things and spiced with something of Dickens. "The Late George Apley" never has a good time like that. It never crackles or sings itself, never suggests the riotous, whimsical or lovably balky, or faded valentines, ribbons, carols and what not. Nor on the other hand does it suggest austerity, a certain elegance that is genuine if thinnish, nor strong character outlines in its people, whether you admire that special character or not.

There is no reason, in sum, why a person of the class and world the Apleys are supposed to represent should give a second thought to this occasion at the Lyceum as an expression of themselves, though they might perhaps be easy with it as a demonstration of Broadway; they might even conceivably smile at it as at a Christmas pantomime in the servants' hall.

This, then, is the whole point about our version of "The Late George Apley." If it is not going to be gay and speeded up, underscored and full of having a good time with its own self, then it must be a real study, through the comedy medium, of the life dealt with, its distinction, its innate values, its cramped intensities and high discipline. Even Miss Mae West could have helped Mr. Marquand to the first of these effects, but certainly Mr. George Kaufman is not the man to help him toward the second.

As to the direction in which the local truth, quality and humor might lie, I may merely say here that people, for instance, who find this version of Boston tradition unsatisfactory might naturally fall back on factual explanations: for example, the young lady in her ball gown could not have crossed the muddy backyards; Freud would not have been mentioned in the Apley drawing-room in 1912, and so forth and so on. These items are valid enough, if you like. But they are not truly the point. Neither they nor obverses of them intended as compliments to the play, might really be the point. The point is that what these people really would like to say, if they could get it all straight in their minds, is that the inner life is not there; the speech rhythm—even extending into characteristic phrases—and the good solid inherited English language, the subtle strong heritage of speech, are not there. As speech, the writing in "The Late George Apley" is only good New York Times Square theatre culture or editorial usage. The ear as such is not engaged, and the dramatic infection of true speech is not involved. As character study, plus locale, the play is pleasantly disposed and designed to omit that perfectly natural other side of provincialism, or localism, which is to despise what is outside it. (Mr. Apley, for instance, does not indicate to us in this Broadway audience that, though he may look very benign, he thinks we are all trash.) And this is where, perhaps, it might be said the Boston Apley tradition, as represented in Mr. Marquand, has often broken down: he does not insist too much on his own quality or his own heritage, not at the risk of losing what gain may lie in the Broadway offing. And thus is sold out all, shall we say?

The story of the play deals with a father and tame mother whose children turn out to wish to make the wrong alliances. The son returns to the fold and marries into the clubs and tradition, the daughter elopes. (Who cares, considering the characters as they are here developed?) Of the company we may say that the best casting was that of Mr. David McKay as the Apley son. He had the delicate angularity and austere swish of such a young man. It could even be said that his very lack of talent for acting was an aid to the stuck and inexpressive emotional nature implied in this role. Miss Margaret Dale as the troublesome sister and sister-in-law in this aplectomy of things contributed a false note. Her ego-farce method was too insistent and broad for the project, and threw everything around her into a psychological query and mess. Mr. Leo G. Carroll gave his usual smooth and modest and expert performance. Whatever lack in force or emphasis or intensity Mr. Carroll's performance displayed was due to the limpness or canny, commercial vagueness of the dramatization itself.

Mr. Stewart Chaney did a corner at the Berkeley Club for the brief final scene. His main setting for the play, George Apley's house in Beacon Street, Boston, Thanksgiving Day, 1912, offers a New England Georgian drawing-room. It is a handsome setting. As dramatic décor it suffers very seriously from lack of point. The place would, on the one hand, need its elegance sharpened and projected as theatre—Conservative Elegance—or else cluttered somewhat with photographs, mementoes, Victorian heart gadgets, and slushy slips of taste. This, I mean, if the décor is to be taken seriously as theatre. STARK YOUNG

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Rich Creamy Lather

"NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART" is a huge mishmash that tackles the daring and important movie subject of the ugly side of modern society with just about the stalest, trashiest material I have ever seen. It is like setting out to see New York and finding yourself traversing the same old short cut from home to the grocery store.

The film's path—ostensibly pursuing Ernie Mott, a Cockney character played by Cary Grant like Cary Grant, through London's East End slums in "his search for a free, noble and better life in the second quarter of the twentieth century"—actually tells how he comes home to be a good boy to his mother, Ethel Barrymore, when he is told she is dying of cancer. After they are reconciled he becomes so appalled by the poverty around them that he turns gangster, and his mother, in a try to get the money that will keep him from being a gangster, winds up in the penitentiary for racketeering. The picture ends with the son, evidently through as a gangster, meditating on "when the world is going to get off its knees." His wise old buddy (Barry Fitzgerald parodying his Hollywood self) tells him that the job will have to be done by the young people, but agrees with the boy that it will be done and that the bomber flying overhead is the first sign of the world's regeneration. This essential story I think is terrifying.

The film's message that the poor must scrape, thieve or kill to live and have only their own lonely hearts to tide them over, just seeps through at the end, despite the fact that dozens of people have been made sad or bad by that time, innumerable remarks like "The places of the world are empty, the human heart is everything," have been spoken by these people who are all sages, and the melody that the picture was named after has been reminding you of the movie's theme in a number of styles ranging from boozy, weepy piano to the fanciest orchestral sonority. The biggest befogging factor is the situation having to do with Mother, her wandering boy and her cancer, which keeps your mind constantly away from the theme of lonely hearts and social decay and concentrated on the mechanical workings of a tear-jerking plot. Basically nothing has changed in this plot since it began, whenever that was, though Miss Barrymore is probably the most powerful actress ever to play Mother. The most important facts in it are still the violent, melodramatic hurdles, which are supposed to decide everything, including who is good, who is bad, how you should feel inside the theatre and how you should act outside it. The characters' motivations for turning into gangster or loving son still escape you; you have the same trouble liking the good people and hating the bad. Besides, the people are so nice, folksy, exotically talented, strong and wise that it is impossible for *them* to be inhabitants of a barren world. And things like cancer, a noble great lady —especially Ethel Barrymore—in prison for petty thievery, are so spectacular in themselves that you can't feel very grim or mournful.

I felt an essential lack of the evil, hardness, hunger, loneliness and frustration that seem to be what the film was interested in. Instead there is a great deal of lush, pretty lighting, settings, views, events, talk and people. The central material is constantly being obliterated. Either some decoration is too energetic (the halo lighting behind the heroine's head, the double image produced by placing people in front of mirrors); or the structure is clothed in gingerbread (Ernie Mott is made a genius at rifle-marksmanship, music, mechanics, prizefighting, talking and philosophy when he really needs only a couple of these talents, and he has a ferocious-looking dog which is given about four times the attention necessary); or some element of the production is grotesque enough to step in front of the image (Cary Grant's consciousness of his own acting and posing invariably does; so does the director's interest in what funny things the camera can record). Many entertaining things in the picture, such as a funny scene of a drunk echoing his voice in a tunnel, and much of the film's gangster material still seems to be covering up for what the authors really had to say. Whether or not you agree with their idea of the modern world and people, their use of a dime-store melodrama seems the vaguest, least convincing one to show it with, and the treatment and secondary material look as if they are trying to take your mind off both the theme and the triteness of the plot.

It is a very long film and it has some excellent things that should be mentioned. The blunt, journalistic treatment of a scene in which Ernie's gang beats up and robs the pawnshop owner seems to me as accurate as anything I have seen for catching the kind of skilled barbarism the Nazis practise—I don't think the movie calls the victim Jewish but it portrays him beautifully that way. He is played by Konstantine Shayne (whose bit as Karkov in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was also the best bit performance of last year) with a very exact kind of unbowing dignity, goodness and melancholy. There is a moving scene at the Motts' store, involving a small girl covetously eyeing a caged canary as she pays a fraction of the price on some shoes (here the movie records something very important with the slightest offhand naturalism). Just after this, a strange bit of movie symbolism occurs when a gypsy woman comes in to pawn a canary for liquor money; while she haggles with Ernie over the price the bird dies, and the poor woman goes off hysterically crying. I liked the whole intent and method.

This is one of the biggest hodgepodges Hollywood ever constructed. I doubt that Clifford Odets, who wrote (from Richard Llewellyn's novel) and directed it, would ever have used such a plot or so artificial a folk in a play of his own, but he probably wouldn't have been allowed to make this movie either if he had wanted to change the original novel's material. No doubt he would have preferred actors who looked more like slum people than Barrymore, Grant, Jane Wyatt or June Duprez, but the studio undoubtedly didn't. Nor will studios countenance the ridding of people like Grant or Fitzgerald of their stereotyped screen personalities. The movie is most firm and good when it is dealing with Jews, night clubs, penny arcades and gangsterism, which Odets knows about, and achieves with them a successful, peculiar synthesis of New York East Side and faint Englishness. Technically the film is a stew of literature, theatre, John Ford's, German and modern Hollywood movies. The whole thing, to quote one of the characters, "needs a solid base." It also, to quote the same person in this movie, "fries in its own fat."

MANNY FARBER

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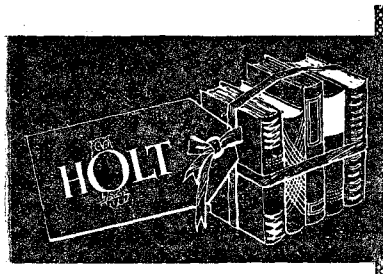

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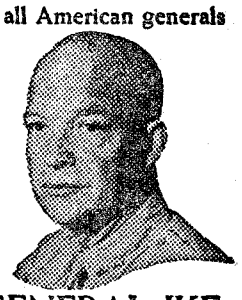

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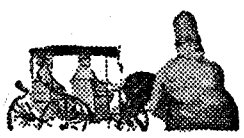

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The Bandwagon

Everybody knows that crises will come. . . . The world is in a turbulent condition, and the United States is not immune to turbulence. Some of us forget this, but the Communists never forget it. They inherited from Karl Marx a long-range view of history, and, according to that view, trouble is about all there is to history. – *Max Eastman in The New York World-Telegram.*

"I didn't know I was angering the other congressmen when I took a ride in a Fortress," she [Clare Boothe Luce] said. "It's just that everywhere I go I run into friends who ask me to ride in a Fortress." – *UP dispatch from Paris to The New York Daily News.*

"God's weather" is against us because we are preparing for dancing and reveling on Victory Day rather than for thanksgiving, declares the Rev. Archibald McAlister Hay, priest in charge of St. Paul's Church, Braintree, Essex, in his current parish magazine. That, he says, is why hopes of victory before Christmas have faded. – *From The London Daily Mail.*

That All-Out Effort

Miss Bankhead is a great believer in the power of thought when backed by positive action. It isn't sufficient, she said, to wish for something very much. You must reinforce that wish with a concrete gesture. She exemplified this theory in a classic manner when, after the tragic debacle at Dunkerque, she publicly proclaimed her resolve to abstain from alcoholic refreshments until the Germans had been beaten into unconditional surrender. – *From Thornton Delehanty's interview with Miss Bankhead, in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Hi-ya, Sucker!

Passage of the "GI Bill of Rights," with its excellent financial provisions for continuing education, is the biggest and best piece of news to the college and fraternity public in many a month. All are agreed that it will mean a tremendous boom in postwar collegiate enrolment. Since so many GI's will have plenty of money in their pockets they will be able to enjoy fraternity membership. See story on page 18. – *From Fraternity Month magazine.*

On the Home Front

Pfc. Claude O. Best left Monday for a rest camp in Miami Beach, Florida, after spending a 22-day furlough at home. – *From The Robinson, Ill., Daily News.*

Too Little and Too Late

The screen version of the Edward Chodorov play, "Decision," is being rewritten as a result of an OWI warning that it might be barred from export because it contained implications of fascism in America. – *Dispatch from Hollywood to The New York World-Telegram.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

For a Sokmupl

SIR: I should like to be the first to second the motion of Professor William H. Kilpatrick—a motion "to condemn in strong terms the persistent practice of conscious misrepresentation followed by the Republican management in the campaign just ended" [The New Republic, November 20]. But I should like to go further than the Professor Emeritus of the Philosophy of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University. I should like to see started at once, while all of us are still wiping falsehoods out of our eyes and ears, an independent political organization that might be alphabetically known as SOKMUPL—a Society Opposed to Kissing and Making Up with Political Liars.

It is one thing, albeit a questionable one, to wrench a clause or a phrase out of its context and make of it such campaign capital as a hit-and-run radio orator can contrive in a mood of desperation. But flat falsehoods are something else again. Barefaced lies, thrown into the eyes of the public by newspapers, and poured into the ears of the public by radio, are the merchandise of Ananias himself. They should be called lies, and the candidates and campaigners who used them in the 1944 presidential campaign should be called liars. And no member of SOKMUPL, if he remains worthy of that membership, is ever going to give those lies and liars any softer titles.

It is considered bad political sportsmanship to nurse a grudge against a defeated candidate and a whipped party. I think it is much worse political morals to forgive and amiably forget deliberate mendacity, merely on the ground that it failed of its vote-catching purpose. If not enough people believed the lie and the liar, so we are asked, should we not condone both of them?

I, for one, do not and will not. I am not doing any kissing or making up, now or ever, with any man or woman who tried to "clear the election with Ananias."

New York City WINTHROP PARKHURST

A New Health Program

SIR: May I call the attention of New Republic readers to the "Principles of a Nationwide Health Program" just issued? Its distinctive feature is that it represents agreement between laymen who want a better way of paying for medical care and physicians who want to be sure that the medical care will be worth paying for. The long controversies over national health insurance have occurred partly because the official leadership of the American Medical Association has been bitterly opposed to public action in medicine. But progress has also been retarded because most physicians, including progressive-minded ones, fear that a big, organized scheme of paying for medical service may crystallize present methods of furnishing services and may retard the growth of group medical practice and of a better quality of care. In order to unite the medical and the economic aims, the Health Program Conference brought together liberal physicians, economists, administrators and the research directors of the AFL and the CIO. This group of 29 signed the unanimous report just published (copies may be obtained from Health Program Conference, Room 804, 1790 Broadway, New York, 19, N. Y.).

This is not the place to give the details of the program. In brief, it is a plan for comprehensive medical care for all the people, with national collection of the necessary funds, with

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decentralized administration and local responsibility for furnishing the medical services, under national standards. Without banning private practice, group practice would be encouraged through utilizing existing hospitals, and otherwise. Its basic administrative principle is the determination of policy on national, state and local levels, by bodies representing both those who receive and those who furnish services. While all strictly medical matters would be in the hands of physicians and all financial matters under properly trained laymen, the questions which involve both medicine and economics would be settled by a joint group.

By regularizing the existing expenditures for medical care now made by the great majority of American families, comprehensive physician and hospital services for all can be financed mainly by contributory health insurance without creating new financial burdens. The program, however, calls also for the use of general taxation to pay for the care of the needy and for the preventive services and the hospital facilities which are deficient, especially in rural areas.

The Health Program Conference was formed as a temporary body in the endeavor to work out ideas, not to prepare a draft of legislation. In view of the increasing interest in programs for medical care, the Conference members hope that their ideas will be considered on their merits and may be some contribution toward voluntary and governmental action.

MICHAEL M. DAVIS, Chairman, Committee
New York City on Research in Medical Economics

Letter from a Soldier

[The author of the following letter, Major John Simonds of the British army, was a contributor to The New Republic and a personal friend of several of the editors. It was addressed to his three-year-old stepson and written just before he flew with the British forces who landed at Arnhem in the unsuccessful attempt to seize a bridgehead there. He was killed in action at Arnhem. – THE EDITORS]

My dear Klim: By the time you get this letter I shall be "flying higher and higher and higher" in a glider over France. I'm going over there to help finish an important job, and when it's finished I shall come back and you and I and Ba will be together always.

At the moment, Klim, you're content to ask, "What's this? What's that?" But soon you'll be asking "Why?" And some time, maybe, you'll be asking a lot of questions about this particular job. Why do we have to do it? Why, when life can be such fun, do we have to go out and kill people and maybe get killed ourselves?

War is a horrible affair, Klim. Don't forget that, in ten years' time when they tell you tales of heroism, great and true. It's horrible, not so much because of blood and wounds and pain, but because it separates us, sometimes forever, from those we love.

But peace can be as horrible as war. For we can be separated too by poverty, by disease, by oppression. People can be together and yet be torn apart by these things. They can be alive and together and yet have the happiness of it burnt away by fear and want, by frustration and despair.

So the answer to your question will be a simple one, Klim. There are two ways of living. One is full and fine and free and hopeful. With the other there is no freedom and therefore no hope.

The job I'm on is the job of opening the door to that first way of living, opening it to all peoples of all colors and races. Our enemy, fascism, shuts and bolts that door. We are fighting to secure the opportunity of building up happier conditions and therefore happier lives. Fascism removes and destroys that opportunity. So you'll see, Klim, that there could hardly be a cause more worth fighting for or a job more important to do.

To open a door, to secure an opportunity—but it's not much good, is it, and it's a waste of lives, if when we've done this job we don't stride in through that open door and seize all the opportunities and use them all with both hands, to the full?

That's the next job, then—just as important as this one. It'll be a long job. It won't be done in any single battle. You'll grow up while it's being done and you too will be faced with it.

It's a job we can never let down on, for if we do, that door will quickly slam again in our faces and you, maybe, will have to go out to fight to open it.

It's a job that needs courage, just as much as soldiers need in battle. Very likely it'll need your courage, Klim, and, if it does, remember that all the sacrifices of this war, which you will read about, were made to give you an opportunity and that you will waste those sacrifices unless you summon the courage to take that opportunity. Remember, too, that if you and your generation ever allow that door to close again, everything we are setting out to do today will be thrown away.

But you won't throw it away, Klim—you will be strong and brave as your father was and your mother is. Nor, I believe, will we, in the years before you grow to manhood. We shall use the opportunity. We shall build a fine Britain. It's with that hope and with that resolution that I shall fly higher and higher and higher over France today.

One thing more. You'll hear a lot some time of all the good qualities which war "brings out."

It's true in a way. Men who are often cowardly in peacetime circumstances are brave in battle. Men who quarrel and fight and exploit each other in civvy street are wonderfully loyal to each other in the trenches under fire. This happens because they are fighting side by side for a common cause, because they depend on each other and because they know it.

Well then, it can be the same in peace—if we so organize society that men do work with, instead of against, each other, if we eliminate the conflicts, if we destroy the economic factor which opposes man to man, if we work side by side for the benefit of all. It can be done. In one great country it has already been done.

So never make courage and loyalty an excuse for war. Make peace an opportunity for courage and loyalty.

Good-bye for now, Klim. Look after Ba, for I love her very much.

Salud y victoria!

JOHN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

A. J. Muste, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, calls our attention to two publications dealing with the dangers of coercion in a world community policed by the big powers. These are "Coercion of States: In Federal Unions" and "Coercion of States: In International Organizations," published by the Pacifist Research Bureau, 1201 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania.

Another explanation of the mass-hysteria over Frank Sinatra is offered by Elmer A. Arestad, Aneta, North Dakota, in a comment on Bruce Bliven's recent article, "The Voice and the Kids" [The New Republic, November 6]. Mr. Arestad says Sinatra has a "hypnotic singing voice." The peculiar penetrating quality of his voice enables Frankie to project the emotional connotation (usually love) of his songs into the minds of his hearers, so that he (or more frequently she) actually participates in the love experience. Our correspondent is convinced that because of this factor, Frankie's appeal would go right on "even if he had a dozen children or wore chin whiskers."

An idea proposed by Will Durant, historian and philosopher, is the basis for a new national organization, Declaration of INTERdependence, Inc., to combat racial and religious animosities. Congress will be asked to adopt as a resolution the Declaration, which reaffirms the "principles of human tolerance and understanding." Plans are being made at the organization's headquarters (112 South La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles 36, California) for the formation of local Committees of INTERdependence throughout the country.

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Books in Review

This Is Ernie Pyle's War

LIKE Franklin Roosevelt and the Brooklyn Dodgers, Ernie Pyle is the people's choice. They elected him their favorite war correspondent for the duration shortly after Americans first began to fight Germans in this war, and his popularity has steadily increased. The explanation, I think, is simple: Ernie Pyle consistently has contributed the best job of reporting and writing about the Americans who have to fight the war. Pyle's popularity puzzles our British friends, who concern themselves more with articles on strategy and the political aspects of the conflict. But Americans have been most interested in the human side, and that side is Ernie Pyle's war.

Ernie's columns on the battle for Tunisia were collected in a book called "Here Is Your War." It was so popular that his dispatches on the campaigns in Sicily and Italy, the Normandy invasion and the break-through which liberated Paris have been incorporated in a new volume,[1] "Brave Men." Pyle's best columns, such as the one in "Brave Men" on Captain Henry T. Waskow, wear well. In addition, the books tell the reader far more about what war is like than he could ever glean from histories or military texts. For Pyle writes about the whole army—the doughboys, tankers, artillerymen, engineers, bomber pilots, aerial gunners, the soldiers of ordnance and the quartermaster corps. As one reviewer said, when future generations of Americans seek to know what kind of army fought for them in this war they will be thankful for Ernie Pyle.

As a correspondent who campaigned with Ernie Pyle in Africa and Italy, I have profound respect for this little man who hates war so passionately and writes about it so well. I also envy him. That envy increased as I read "Brave Men." I constantly asked myself why Ernie had done a better job than the rest of us; how he had gotten closer to the American soldier and his thoughts, hopes, fears and reactions; why he had been able to portray better the tragedy of war.

Most war correspondents envied Ernie the freedom his job afforded, and we liked to think that was a major reason why he was more successful than we. Most of us had daily deadlines to meet. We had to go to the front each day; dip briefly into the war, then drive back to base and file "spot" stories on developments. Ernie could remain in the field with one unit for five days at a time; get to know many soldiers, then come back and write enough columns for a week. But that does not explain his effectiveness. Not at all. Apart from any advantage his job gives him, Ernie Pyle is a great reporter.

A recent New Republic advertisement said, correctly, that our soldiers overseas do not yet know why they are fighting; that they understand few implications of the struggle between democracy and fascism, and they look on war only as a job they must do and get done with quickly. Many of us tried to write that effectively in dispatches from the Mediterranean. But the one who did it best was Ernie Pyle. Early in "Brave Men," he describes assault ships nearing Sicily:

> Then darkness enveloped the whole American armada. Not a pinpoint of light showed from those hundreds of ships as they surged on through the night toward their destiny, carrying across the ageless and indifferent sea tens of thousands of young men, fighting for . . . for . . . well, at least for each other.

Later, he writes that he has "been around long enough to know that nine-tenths of morale is pride in your outfit and confidence in your leaders and fellow fighters." And after listing the incredible hardships of infantry fighting in Normandy hedgerows, he observes that soldiers continually went back to them "because they were good soldiers and they had a duty they could not define."

It is tragic but true that American soldiers fight "at least for each other"; that morale generally is not based on an understanding of the war, but on pride in one's unit, and that men do return to the lines because they are "good soldiers," not because they can define their mission in Europe.

Pyle writes informatively about all branches of the service. His detailed "plugs" for such unadvertised units as ordnance, the quartermaster corps, anti-aircraft and the combat engineers are deserved and they help bring one's perspective of the army into focus. His best writing, however, is reserved for the infantry. That is natural, for Ernie Pyle, like anyone who has seen infantry fighting close up, is prejudiced on the side of the doughboy. In my opinion, a writer who can help make the nation "doughboy conscious" is helping to win the war. Ernie Pyle has stimulated this process more than anyone else.

If I were asked to select one column from "Brave Men," I would choose the one on Captain Waskow, a Thirty-sixth Division company commander from Texas, who was worshiped by his men. It is the article one newspaper ran boldface across its entire front page, explaining that the editors believed it would give readers more real information about the war than communiqués from the various fronts. It describes a scene at the foot of an Italian mountain trail the night the body of Captain Waskow is carried down on the back of a mule. At the foot of that trail were several soldiers and Ernie Pyle. In simple, powerful writing, Pyle reveals the feelings of the men at the loss of their leader.

Other notable chapters describe the vicious fighting to win the Normandy beaches, the incredible courage of an RAF pilot, pinned in his crashed plane in no-man's land for eight days with a broken leg, and the liberation of Paris. But one of the most unforgettable passages for me is the one summing up the author's thoughts on the discouraging campaign in Italy, where "the enemy had been hard and so had the elements. Men had had to stay too

[1] **Brave Men, by Ernie Pyle. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 474 pages. $3.**

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long in the lines. A few men had borne a burden they felt should have been shared by many more. There was little solace for those who had suffered, and none at all for those who had died, in trying to rationalize about why things had happened as they did."

It was terribly difficult for anyone to acquire "the long view" in Italy during that bitter last winter. It was terribly difficult for our soldiers to convince themselves they were not fighting the war practically by themselves. Ernie Pyle explains why.

A last word about the brave man who wrote "Brave Men." Describing the job of an officer who had to spend every day in a landing craft in Anzio harbor, checking ship cargoes "with shells speckling the whole area," Ernie asserts, "I wouldn't have had his job for a million dollars." But in the next paragraph, Ernie says, "I rode around with him one day. . . ."

Perhaps that furnishes a clue to Ernie Pyle's popularity.

GRAHAM B. HOVEY

A Not Forgotten Genius

Patrick Geddes, Maker of the Future, by Philip Boardman. Chapel Hill, N. C.: The University of North Carolina Press. 504 pages. $5.

IT IS INTERESTING to observe in the career of Sir Patrick Geddes how the many interests and abilities converge finally upon the work which is famous and historically influential. It is as if the refusal to specialize were a deliberate holding-off until the unconscious vocation can declare itself. (And almost with the wit of a dream, the early observer of the symbiosis of chlorophyl in planaria becomes one of the fathers of the integrated Garden City!) Then, when we come to Patrick Geddes as the community planner and the master of the regional survey, we see how the biologist, the agronomist, the editor, the sociologist, the social worker and the educator, all play a necessary part. For such a man, community planning can indeed be, what it is ideally, the universal art of external behavior.

I should say that the great contribution of Geddes is the relation of the regional survey to the community plan; the insistence that the plan is not a traffic scheme, a rent scheme or an amenities scheme, but the realization of the potentialities of regional geology, biology, industry and history. With this outlook we can draw on the sure power of natural causes to animate social inventions rather than merely to ameliorate the effects of previous bad planning or no planning; and we can initiate direct action in the region itself rather than rely on the indirect forces of profit and loss in the national or even international cash-nexus. Geddes, who tried to solve community problems in the Near East by first instituting an agriculture, would have been delighted by the directness and fertile inventiveness of the early TVA. Further, this approach gives at least the possibility of a community life integrating science, the humanities and daily concerns, as Geddes tried to reconcile Huxley and Arnold according to the ideas of Comte.

The grave defect in Geddes is his lack of diagnosis of our present social ills and perversions of the standard of living. What is lacking is Marx and Freud. Geddes showed

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clearly that people live irrationally when they could live well. He could not understand why; he imagined that he could animate them to action by world's fairs, by international congresses of science, by parliamentary appeals, by establishing Survey Towers and museums of industry and sociology. Most of his public life was dissipated in these activities. He even seemed to think that the replacement of the paleo-technology of steam by the neo-technology of electricity would bring salvation; he did not conceive of the possibility of new sanitary slums through feats of electrical engineering, and a second world war. That is to say, his failure lies not in the fact that most of his projects were unrealized (whose noble projects have of late been realized?), but in his belief that they could have been realized if they had been given more publicity. Yet what if after a while people become terribly well informed, and they still persist in frustrating themselves?

Lewis Mumford has written an eloquent and true preface to the book. Philip Boardman's biography is extremely useful, but quite without analysis and written in a supposedly popular romantic style that is rather painful.

PAUL GOODMAN

Naïveté of Sophistication

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1944, selected and edited by Herschel Brickell, assisted by Muriel Fuller. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 268 pages. $2.50.

THIS IS a rather poor collection of stories. Its general level is about the same as Martha Foley's volume, upon which I commented some weeks ago. The latter, however, did reprint some five stories (out of thirty) very much worth reading, and sufficiently different from the standard product, at least in literary quality, to constitute the beginnings of a promise for both writing and editing. The present volume contains only two such stories (out of twenty-one)—"Lions, Harts, Leaping Does," by J. F. Powers (Accent, also published by Miss Foley), and "Old James," by Marguerite Young (The Kenyon Review). Neither of these wins a prize. The remainder are little more than competent and are, therefore, dull.

There would be absolutely nothing more to say, if artistic failure did not possess some melancholy interest in itself. The first-prize winner, "Walking Wounded," by Irwin Shaw (The New Yorker) is a case in point, and I should like to devote the rest of this review to the effort of discovering where it goes wrong. I don't deny that it is well written. It succeeds in conveying an intended emotion—the sexual loneliness and frustration of a British Army Captain, Peter Crome, who has not seen his wife in three years, and whose chastity is enforced by a striving for personal redemption and a neurotic aggression against the attractive women at Cairo, where he is stationed on inactive duty after recovering from what is, evidently, shell-shock. The simple expression of frustration (overlooking the triteness of the images: soldiers at the bar, the American song in the Egyptian saloon, lamplights and flowing rivers in the night; and of the characterization by way of small talk) is adequately realized. But there is some-

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thing in the very texture of this story that spoils it from the outset.

I don't think that its failure can be attributed to the angle from which it approaches the war. "Walking Wounded" is in the tradition of understatement, and the central fact is therefore deliberately omitted. The war is seen through the wound, which is a legitimate way of seeing. ("Bury the Dead" was of course an entirely different matter, but that was about a war we were not going to fight, and, giving no hostage to politics, it enjoyed a freedom of statement consistent with its disaffected theme.)

The reason I am not satisfied with this story is that it takes for granted everything current in the sophisticated outlook—which has soaked up the drippings of psychoanalysis—without extending its insight far enough beyond the obvious to discover truth as well as truism. The mechanisms whereby sexual frustration leads, say, to drink are so obvious to the sophisticated writer that, unless he examines them critically and concretely, they will become permanent ingredients in his short-story formula, on a level with the Jack Dalton revenge motif that leaves the heroine tied to the tracks in the old serial thriller; and sophistication in art is as vulnerable as melodrama. Its justification, in the last analysis, can only be intellectual. But the sophisticate, assuming that his ideas are valid merely because their circulation is restricted, is duped by his own practice, for he begins to lean on clichés that are quite as vague and as simple-minded as any old standbys in the trade. And when the writer grows to believe that the lecture-room distillate of psychoanalysis will serve as a medium for sustaining his insight into character, he forgets that character has its own dimensions, which can be given only in terms of emotion, rather than psychic automatism, and he begins to look only for those traits that he has been trained to perceive—suppression, rather than expression of emotion, and hysteria, to cover his own shame of tenderness.

I am saying, then, that the story of understatement has been led, by a false sophistication, into reliance on the mechanisms of a superficial depth psychology, and that it is for this reason that I am dissatisfied with "Walking Wounded." Mr. Shaw uses the images and the symbolism of analysis without analyzing a thing. He takes the symbolism for granted, much as one might take the multiplication table for granted—except that no one pretends there is anything "advanced" or restricted about the fundamentals of arithmetic. His character, Peter Crome, is a perfect blank, which you fill in only to the degree that you are acquainted with Hemingway, with Hollywood and with cocktail-party Freud.

Sex, furthermore, is a destroyer of persons precisely because its connotations are so easily exploited. But without the person, without inner character, the story of understatement falls apart. The writer must establish his Peter Crome, must discover his full figure so that one can know what has been shot away. Essentially he must characterize the wound, which he can do only by looking into it, difficult though that be, and not by repeating his mechanical invocations to a quick healing. Otherwise emotions remain disembodied, and stories, for all their images of bars and bottles, are nothing but naïve abstractions.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

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Women on the Frontier

Westward the Women, by Nancy Wilson Ross. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 199 pages. $2.75.

AS FORTUNE-TELLERS, sibyls and prophetesses, women have been highly regarded in all ages. But whatever their peculiar gifts for divining events to come, they seldom looked back on the past. There were astonishingly few female historians before the nineteenth century. Not, surely, for want of opportunity alone, women remained almost until today the unhistorical sex.

Perhaps because peering into the future now would dismay the Cumaean Sibyl or Mother Shipton, women are more and more interested in the seemingly easier riddles of history. Mrs. Ross has searched pioneer records for examples encouraging the American woman of today to "solve her own problems." This is a history with an immediate purpose, though at first it may appear a quilt of bright glimpses: wives churning in covered wagons, a woman doctor performing a public autopsy, the shy giggle of nuns picnicking in the wilderness, or the yearly retreat from civilization to savagery of a white merchant's Indian mate, a forest Persephone. But the author's real obsession is less with physical details than intangibles: "nerves," bravery, female morale in the war of the pioneer against Nature.

"O! dear I am tyred of the same dull monotony of time. . . . O! could I see through the future if but one step. . . . I grieved a great deal in the night when all was sound asleep," confessed women diarists. "One dare not be nervous in Oregon," wrote a Belgian nun. "I am afraid to fear," said a woman missionary. Narcissa Whitman struggled with emotional storms till her end in an Indian massacre; calmer Mary Walker felt: "This is a beautiful country, still a kind of gloom seems to pervade it." A fiery discontent, with men as well as fate and nature, drove the woman doctor, the frontier feminist, to open "revolt," while others nourished Victorian ambitions toward genteel refinement and were denounced by men as "pining . . . wasp-waisted, putty-faced" and "novel-devouring." If he could abide the aroma of fish-oil, a pioneer might find the Indian woman less problematic.

By prayer, curiosity or campaigning, the "heroines" of this story overcame their unhappiness. "What accounts for the differences in feminine conduct between yesterday and today?" asks Mrs. Ross. "The reason for the alleged discontent, laziness, parasitism and neuroticism of the American woman-in-the-home is that—unlike the pioneer woman—she feels that the way she lives . . . is no longer . . . meaningful." By her last chapter, the author thus raises a complex and unorthodox historical problem: How far can we judge and compare the emotional natures of dead and living generations?

Happy and illiterate groups leave the fewest records; hardly any self-analysis was produced by the Indian and Chinese brides, the hurdy-gurdy girls or strong, bustling farm-managers who appear on Mrs. Ross's stage. And the title is too big for a book dealing chiefly with Oregon and Washington at a late period, the Victorian, when men as well as women were growing aware of "nerves." Were

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they actually more nervous when they knew the word? It is hard to say. Modern "neurotic" womanhood has everywhere in Europe confounded the military prophets of aerial warfare by her courage under bombardment. Even were historians medically trained, they would consider the data too scanty for sweeping generalizations on long past nervous states of humanity; that is why no large "psychological history" has been written to set beside the legal, political or economic histories. Yet the emotional aspects of the past cannot be ignored. By limited and tentative studies in the "history of ideas," political propaganda or religious emotionalism, by regional and group pictures of men and women who were especially vocal, it is possible to proceed in the direction of a psychological history. For this relatively new field, Mrs. Ross provides some illuminating material on the reactions of women under conditions of strain and hardship akin to those of war.

It would appear that many women, like men, could endure all risk so long as the frontier receded before them. But when female Micawbers, eternally unlucky and hopeful, reached the Pacific, they often wept. "I think I can see my mother's face now, with such a discouraged expression on it," recalls an old-timer. Aware that heroic toil was over, and nothing left but hard work, this last of the pioneer mothers declared she felt like selling out "for a picayune."

MIRIAM BEARD VAGTS

A Double Masterpiece

Manet: Letters with Aquarelles, 21 facsimile letters in full color, in portfolios. New York: Pantheon Books. $24.

DEPARTING at the doctor's orders for the country in 1880, Edouard Manet unwillingly left his beloved Paris. For if ever there was a boulevardier among the painters, it was Manet. His glinting eye, his *boutonnière*, his sociability, his championship of whatever would shake up the academicians of painting or literature, marked him out as one of the true—and possibly the last—of the great French aristocrats in art. No wonder, then, that this city man busied himself with correspondence in the country.

Chief among his correspondents was a certain Mlle. Lemonnier, sister to the Mme. Charpentier whose domestic portrait is one of the glories of the Metropolitan Museum. Much younger than the failing Manet, Isabelle Lemonnier never noticed his letters. As published in the present superb edition, some 17 of them were addressed to her. He regrets that her *déménagement*, the illness of her mother, the preparations for the forthcoming July 14 fête, prevented her from writing. On each letter he paints a charming watercolor—once a full-length of the lady herself with a parasol, again a three-quarters view and a profile, three times his cat Zizi, sometimes sprigs from the garden or flowers from the bushes. Just before July 14 he inscribes Japanese lanterns, once the tri-color, later yet he gathers plums and apples for her to see, concluding that since he had sent her the first plum from his garden, now surely he must not fail to send her the last. Images and words twinkle on each page like the conversation of a gifted man. And even the last two—to the etcher Bracquemond—somehow seem like Chinese inscriptions colored upon the page.

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That Pantheon should issue such a masterpiece—and achieve a second masterpiece in the reproductions—comes, at this time, as hardly short of a miracle. Yet the same firm has also released this fall "Grimm's Fairy Tales," with 212 illustrations by Josef Scharl, and "Munchausen's Adventures," with the weird old drawings of Gustave Doré. Considering that this firm is scarcely two years old; that it has already given us the "Complete Maillol Woodcuts," De Coster's "Tyl Eulenspiegel," illustrated by Frans Masereel, Paul Klee's etchings for "Candide" and, most recently, the Pisarro "Letters to His Son Lucien," a volume never yet published in French—it would seem that even in this period of terror and decimation, persistently valuable works can still be accomplished by the human being.

JEROME MELLQUIST

A Leader Who Was Not Led

William the Silent, by C. V. Wedgwood. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 256 pages. $3.

TODAY the term "political leader" has assumed a sinister significance. The idea of leadership justly arouses distrust. Perhaps not because people resent being led, but because they have an obscure feeling that the leaders themselves are led on blindly by impersonal forces. Moreover, in our period of mass rule and mass propaganda the qualities of a politician seem to be necessarily at variance with human qualities pure and simple.

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A champion of the Calvinist cause, he braved unpopularity to resist the rabid intolerance of his followers, and defended the individual's right to his conscience not merely to reconcile the Catholic provinces but because such a policy tallied with his inborn respect for the human soul. But perhaps most important, most striking and almost incredible to our contemporaries is the total absence in him of any trait that could be interpreted as lust for power. Although endowed by nature with the gifts of a ruler, his sense of responsibility and his anxious concern for the well-being of his subjects were such that his position of leadership had to be thrust upon him by his people; and although he had many opportunities to grasp sovereignty over them, he "never by word, or sign, or deed overstepped the authority they had conceded to him." And because he regarded his task as a responsibility and a burden, he never had to stoop to intrigue nor did he have to bewitch his followers

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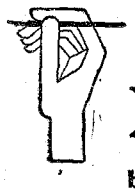

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by flattering them and submitting to their subconscious impulses. He could restrain them from untoward optimism at moments of success and from untoward pessimism at moments of defeat. His contribution to his cause was not that of a figurehead, but was very real and indispensable: he always supplied a balanced, realistic judgment of the situation, the element of reason, not "intuition."

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NORBERT GUTERMAN

Lots of Smoke

The Advertising Smoke Screen, by Blake Clark. New York: Harper and Brothers. 228 pages. $2.

THIS SHORT and slim volume is designed to straighten people out by exposing the tricks of the advertising trade. It tells little that is new to the general public, and bases its argument on the complaints of the Federal Trade Commission. Clark is apparently writing in the tradition of the muckrakers but without their lusty vigor. He doesn't follow through with the implications of his material. He designates the honest advertising men as those who lead the big organizations of advertisers and agencies. He says that these honest advertisers work zealously to keep truth in advertising. Then for 175 pages he enlarges on a variety of advertising claims, forgetting to point out that the false and misleading claims, which he cites, have almost without exception been made by the very advertising agencies whose heads are the leaders in these very associations. Having so demonstrated that almost any advertising agency will say what it can get away with rather than live within the facts—the contrary of his own contention—he concludes piously, by saying, "Offending members [and he refers again to the associations] are relatively few."

A book on advertising issued in wartime which confines itself to the already well explored fields of FTC complaints against advertisers of cosmetics, drugs and cigarettes, misses the point of today's most dangerous advertising malpractice. It was valuable in the days when "100 Million Guinea Pigs" and "Your Money's Worth" were first published. It won't answer the need now, when the advertising agencies have almost to a man moved their emphasis from the sale of goods to the sale of ideas—ideas which attempt to sell the country a *status quo* of the good old days, as exem-

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plified in the Nash Kelvinator "don't change anything" ads, or attempt to claim all credit for the war, as the aviation companies do, or manipulate their advertising to gain legislative advantage, as the railroads have been doing. Clark's book ignores all this and ends with a testimonial to the effective work of the War Advertising Council, yet this very council was instrumental in circumventing the Office of War Information program, which was doing a job entirely for the benefit of the people instead of for the more than incidental benefit of the advertisers.

A. G. MEZERIK

To Live Again

And Now to Live Again, by Betsey Barton. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 150 pages. $1.75.

BETSEY BARTON, daughter of the well known advertising man, Bruce Barton, suffered an automobile accident ten years ago at the age of sixteen, as a result of which she has been paralyzed ever since. Three years after the first accident she was in a second one which handicapped her even farther and has made necessary a series of subsequent major operations. Her book is primarily a story of how she managed to pull herself out of the slough of despondency that might be expected from any healthy, vital, sixteen-year-old girl who found herself suddenly plunged into a lifetime of invalidism. Beyond that, it is a handbook for those partially or totally disabled, which should prove of great value to the crippled war veterans who are coming out of service hospitals in substantial numbers. This is not a mere "uplift" book. Miss Barton is in accordance with the best practices and principles of psychosomatic medicine and she only regrets that they were not used in her case until after the lapse of several years. Her volume is full of advice, remarkably wise from one of her age, about the mental attitude and the physical attack that are desirable for a crippled or disabled person, and the role to be played by his family and friends. For such an individual, this book is sure to be useful and may prove a life-saver.

B. B.

A Reader's List

THE FORGOTTEN BATTLEFIELD, by Kazimierz Wierzynski (Roy Publishers, $2.50). Among the under-reported campaigns in this most publicized of wars was the September, 1939, blitzkrieg in Poland. The dozen incidents in this book, gathered from accounts of actual participants, hardly begin to fill in the gap, since nearly all concern extremely minor engagements and some of the campaign's major actions are omitted. But Wierzynski's impressionistic sketches do indicate something of the stunning impact of blitzkrieg on an unprepared nation and of the "character" of that blind, desperate "September war." The Polish war, he says, was lost "several years before the first shot was fired," in the slender budget of a poverty-stricken, industrially backward country. The insistent emphasis on nationalism (defined as "the basic Polish truth") will depress postwar optimists. The book suffers from awkward translation.

STORY OF A SECRET STATE, by Jan Karski (Houghton Mifflin, $3). If Jan Karski had shown as much analytical acumen in interpreting Polish underground politics as he showed intelligence and courage in evading the Gestapo as a courier of the Polish resistance movement, his book might have been a useful source. Apart from the author's personal adventures and his spirited defense of the Polish nation, there is hardly anything in this book which contributes to our knowledge of the Polish underground and its relations with the Polish Government-in-Exile. On the contrary, the author's political naïveté obscures or dismisses many of the burning questions of Polish pre- and postwar politics, questions whose answers are basic to an understanding of Poland's present political dilemma.

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ESCAPE VIA BERLIN, by José Antonio de Aguirre (Macmillan, $3). Primarily the exciting report of his escape through Germany after the Nazi conquest of France, where he had lived since the defeat of the Spanish Republic, the President of the Basques gives an interesting account of the mentality of his people, who, in spite of being devoutly Catholic, sided with the Loyalists during the Spanish civil war. But while de Aguirre rightly emphasizes the virtues of the Basques, he overlooks their vices, which spring less from malice than from a failure to assess more realistically the dangers of nationalism in an interdependent world. While their cultural nationalism is sound and praiseworthy, their political nationalism is actually anarchic and from the point of view of Iberian integration, economically fatal. Nevertheless, de Aguirre's book should be of interest to all those anxious to understand Spanish politics.

PARTNER IN THREE WORLDS, by Dorothy Duncan (Harpers, $2.75). This biography of an average man, a Czech refugee, is thrilling only because the unusualness of the era flavors the true story. Born in an industrial suburb of Prague at the end of the nineteenth century, Jan Rieger started out as a private in the Austrian army. Taken prisoner in Macedonia, he became an officer in General Franchet d'Esperey's forces at Salonika. He still wore the French uniform when he returned to Prague, now the capital of the newly founded Czecho-Slovakia. Rieger's career as a porcelain and glass merchant, his unhappy marriage to a millionaire's daughter, his arrival in the United States and finally his service in the Canadian army—this personal history is worth reading because of the background: the world in turmoil.

THE ORDEAL, by Arkady Perventsev (Harpers, $2.50). This Soviet novel, which reads more like a documentary than fiction, tells how the people of a town in the Southern Ukraine emerged from their shelters after the first air raid, destroyed their airplane factory to prevent its capture by the advancing Nazis, and two months later, after transferring all their machinery by rail, turned out the first plane from their new home in the Urals. The qualities of fortitude and simple bravery are not realized mainly because the author writes dryly and without imagination; there is no breath of life in his characters. Russian heroism deserves better treatment.

Contributors

MAURICE EDELMAN is a war correspondent for the English magazine, Picture Post, and a contributor to The New Statesman and Nation.

J. M. O'NEILL is a Catholic layman. He is chairman of the Department of Speech of Brooklyn College, and has served on the faculties of Dartmouth College, the University of Wisconsin and the University of Michigan. He is chairman of the Committee on Academic Freedom of the American Civil Liberties Union.

A. G. MEZERIK, industrial consultant and social historian, traveled all over the country to study the problem of reconversion. His book, "Revolt of the South and West," is to be published in the spring by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

GRAHAM B. HOVEY returned to the United States recently after covering the fighting in North Africa, Italy and southern France as a correspondent for International News Service. He is now employed in the Washington bureau of the Associated Press.

PAUL GOODMAN is a novelist, poet and critic. He is co-author, with Percival Goodman, of "A Master Plan for New York" (The New Republic, November 20, 1944).

MIRIAM BEARD VAGTS is the author, among other books, of "A History of the Business Man." She is the daughter of Charles and Mary Beard.

JEROME MELLQUIST, author of "The Emergence of an American Art," is at work on a book dealing with Baudelaire's art criticism.

NORBERT GUTERMAN is the translator, among other books, of Leonid Leonov's "Road to the Ocean," recently published by L. B. Fischer.

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